

...A HORROR-MOOD LURKS HERE...

NIGHTMARE



47364

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60c

NO. 10
OCTOBER 1972

This is the
**EVIL LUNATIC
THING**
OF THE
**PRINCESS
OF
EARTH!**



Chas. F. Jones

A SKYWALKER HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

INSIDE THIS MANIACAL THEATER OF HORRORS WAITS UNNAMABLE ABOVATIONS FOR THIS IS A GAT-PACKAGE-OF-ANFUL-COMPOUND-BAP-BLEEDING-ARCHAIC-DESTRUCTION THAT NOW BEGINS. PATHETICALLY TO OVERCOME YOU AS YOU WORREPLY REACH UNDECIDED LIMITS INSIDE YOUR BUSTED BRAIN... YOU'RE BEGINNING TO FEEL IT NOW... GRABBING FOR YOUR NERVES AND SENSE OF SELF-CONTROL... THING YOU UP INTO A TINY LITTLE BALL OF FRENCH-FRIG-FEAR THAT MEANS YOU ARE ONLY SLIPPING AWAY FROM SANITY... FOR AN ERA SLOWLY BEGINS WITHIN THIS TORTURED TITAN OF AN ISSUE... A NERVE BROUGHT WITH **EVIL LUNATIC THINGS** LIKE...

ON PAGE 4, THIS IS THE **FIVE LUNATIC THING OF THE PRINCESS OF EARTH**... AND EVERGREEN... TINY, DISGUSTING, YET ALIVE... CREEPING, CRAWLING ACROSS TO SPACESHIP NOTHER WHERE IT NESTLES IN THE ARM OF SEETHING UNNAMABLE OTHER-WORLD METALS...

ON PAGE 8, **FROGS**... AND NOW THE TOADS, FROGGIES, SALAMANDERS, SNAKES, LIZARDS, SPIDERS, AND THE ENTIRE EVERGLADES EMPIRE ARE IN REVOLT...

ON PAGE 14, **FUNERAL BARGE**... AND AS IT WARMED BACK HOLE IN ITS GUT SLOWLY WIDENED... WIDENED TO WELCOME ITS CRAWLING, SEETHING, SICKENING, HORRIBLY HEAVING FOOD WHICH FLOATED UPON THAT BIZARRE BARGE LIKE AN ARCHAIC ARROW AT THE DISGUSTING SQUALID STOMACH OF THAT GREAT CARNIVOROUS CASTLE...

ON PAGE 21, **SATAN'S CELLAR**... WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED WOMAN... TURN... TO SEE THE FINGERS... TURN TO SEE THE 9 FINGERS... NOW THERE ARE 18 FINGERS... NOW THERE ARE 24... 36 FINGERS... COUNT 'EM... FEEL THEM... COMING AT YOU!

ON PAGE 27, **A BUNCH OF QUESTIONS**... ON PAGE 30, **PROVERBIAL KILLER**... I DON'T GIVE ME THAT, YOU CRAWLING WORM! YOU MOTHER! YOU SPINELESS, FATHLESS CREEP, YOU JELLY-LIVERED RAVY!

ON PAGE 37, **DEMONIC POSSESSION**... "I SEEK THE POSSESSION OF A MAN BY A DEVON. I WANT REVENGE ON THIS MAN—I WANT HIM TO BE IN AGONY..."

ON PAGE 41, **GAME OF SKILL**... "WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THAT FIRST PACK OF HUMANS HAD NOT OUT-NUMBERED THEIR PREY?"

ON PAGE 42, **NIGHTMARE WORLD #3... THEY CRAWLED OUT OF THE CRATER**... "I FELT MYSELF BEING PULLED... FROM BEHIND... BY WHAT ONLY SATAN KNEW... FOR AS I LOOKED AT THEIR FURRY HANDS I REALIZED THEY WERE NOT OF MY EARTH..."

ON PAGE 48, **BLACK COMMUNION**... "AFTER ALL THREE YEARS OF DEATH, AGAIN HE LIVES TO WALK..."

ON PAGE 55, **THE HUMAN GARBOYLES IN ONE AND ONE EQUALS THREE**... "2 DOLLARS -- 2 DOLLARS LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... 2 DOLLARS TO SEE THE BABY-FREAK... THE HUMAN GARBOYLE CHILD..."

...THIS IS WHAT AWAITS YOU WITHIN UNDER A COVER BY KEN KELLY... BY CONTRIBUTORS: MACABRE MARLO ONTROW... DEATHLY DELA ROSA... EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED ED FEDORY... FEARFUL FERRER... ROTTEN RUBEN LARA... FRANKIE PABLO MARCOS... DYING DOWNGERCH... VISCIOUS WILMACH... BEASTLY BASIL... HOLM VIRTON... SHANK-EATING... SERANT NIGHTSHOWN... AND VENDORHATIC JAWWIS

...PHASE ONE OF THE HORROR MOOD...

ISRAEL WALDMAN
HERSCHEL WALDMAN
PUBLISHERS

NIGHTMARE



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WARE

ARCHAIC
ALAN HEWITSON
EDITOR
DECEMBER 1972... # 10

MOVIE MACABRE PREVIEW: PAGE 8

FROGS



STEE HEE!

2HEH HEHE
HELLO, WELCOME
TO THE PARA-
ASTONISHING
ISSUE IN PHASE-ONE
OF THE FROCKE
HORROR-MOOD.

...HEREIN IS WHERE WE
LURCH INTO LUNACY AS THE
PRINCESS OF EARTH AND
HER **evil** OTHER-WORLD-THING
SING MAD MELODIES OF THE WAY
THINGS **should** HAVE BEEN...
2GASP! UNTIL SOMEBODY
SCUTTLED HER SPACE-SHUTTLE.
2TEE HEE!

AND CHAPTER 3 CHOKES TWO
OF THE EVER-CONTINUING **HUMAN**
GARGOYLES COMES TO TEAR YOUR
heart OPEN WHEN **I AND I EQUALS 3...**
WHICH IS AS GOOD A WAY AS ANY
2TEE HEE! TO ANNOUNCE A NEW
MEMBER OF THE ASTONISHING
MOOD-TEAM... BID WERD
WELCOME TO **MACABRE MARIO**
CINTRON... 2GASPS!

...AND WE'VE GOT LOTS OF
OTHER AWFUL THINGS INSIDE.
LIKE **FROGS** (WE'VE GOT A LOT
OF **FROGS** IN THIS ISSUE) AND
CORPSES (2TEE HEE!)... AND NIGHTMARES
(ONE OF YOURS APPEARS HEREIN)... AND
WE HAVE A **BLACK COMMUNION**
AND A **PROVERBIAL KILLER** AND
WE ALSO HAVE **BEASTLY BASIL**
WOLVERTON WITH A MILLION OF HIS
TINY LITTLE LINES... AND ARCHAIC AL...
BOOH OOHE 2GASPS! LURKING LEADER
OF THE MANACAL MOOD-TEAM
(2TEE HEE!)... HE'S LOOKING OVER
YOUR shoulder IN THE CANDY
STORE right NOW!!

froggie?

...SO WE SAY HELLO WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT
OF HORRIFIC ENTERTAINMENT (2TEE HEE!)
TO BACK UP OUR INVITATION 2CHOKES 2
2GASPS! JOIN US HEREIN... SO WHY HATERS?
TURN TO WHERE WE START THIS NAUGHTY
2TEE HEE!

NIGHTMARE ISSUE # 10...

...ALSO KNOWN. hehehehehehehe
...AS THE **BLOATED FAT-ONE!!**

NEW YORK BY DOT
MILANO OF DAWGERS
& PRINTED IN ANY FORM

THE COMPUTER CONTINUES NIGHT BY NIGHT
BY NIGHT TO BLEED CORRUPT, FETID EGGS
FROM ITS BELLY..

..AS THEY FALL TO THE FLOOR
OF THE CAVE THEY BREAK,
CONTENTS SPACE-SPAWNED
AND UNHOLY FALL AND SPILL
ONTO THE GROUND,
UNFORMED, UNREAL...
CREATIONS THAT WILL
NEVER BREATHE.



..THEN IT CRACKS
AND OTHER-EARTH
SMELLS FILTER INTO
OURS.. THE THING
INSIDE TWISTS AND
WRITHES TO BREAK
THE YELLOW SHELL.



..AND EMERGES.. TINY, DISGUSTING, YET ALIVE..
CREEPING, CRAWLING ACROSS TO SPACESHIP
MOTHER WHERE IT NESTLES IN THE ARM OF
SEETHING UNWAVEABLE OTHER-WORLD METALS..

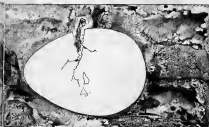
AND LONG MOMENTS LATER, ACTUALLY DAYS, STANDS HIGH
AND MIGHTY AS AN ENTITY, WALKS FROM ITS SPACESHIP
MOTHER TO THE OUTSIDE..



ONE FINALLY FALLS THAT DOES NOT BREAK. DOES NOT EVEN CRACK. PERHAPS IT IS MADE OF STERNER STUFF. FOR AS IT ROLLS AWAY FROM THE FETID MESS OF THE UNKNOWN UNBORN BEHIND IT THE EGG WITHSTANDS THE MIGHTY PRESSURES AND GRAVITIES OF THE EARTH IT WAS NEVER MEANT TO KNOW.



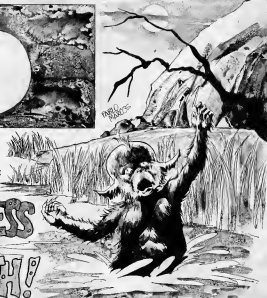
IT SITS DAYS ALONE, UNTENDED, NIGHTS WHEN THINGS FROM OUT THE CAVE WANDER IN TO DEVOUR THE REMAINS OF THE OTHERS WHO STILL COME, SEEMINGLY WITHOUT END.



...AND DESCENDS INTO OUR EARTH. DESCENDS INTO THE SLIME SWAMP AND GRAY GROWTH THAT SURROUNDS THIS PLACE. VANISHES. TO BE SEEN AGAIN LATER. BUT MUCH LATER. FOR NOW STARTS OUR TALE... OF THE

PRINCESS OF EARTH!

AL HEWETSON + PABLO MARCOS

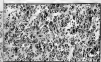


..NOW MEET THE WOMAN CALLED LISA...THE GIRL THEY
SAY LOOKS LIKE GARLAND AND SINGS LIKE GARLAND
BUT WE SAY NO...WE SAY SHE IS A FACE AND A VOICE
UNTO HER OWN...WHICH FASCINATES AND TORMENTS
YOU AS YOU BLINDLY SUCK THE PLEASURES OF
HER BEING ..

..AND HER VOICE SHIPS YOU REELING TO
ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE...ANOTHER
WORLD...

I AM...
THE PRINCESS
OF EAAAAARTH...
I KNOW NOT THE PLACE OF
...MY BRRRRTH...

IN THIS...
OR ANY OTHER...
ETERNNNN-ITTEEE...



...IT COMES... DRAWN BY THE SOUND OF THE
VOICE OVER MANY MILES... COMES
BLINDLY... LISTENING... DRAWN TO
THE VOICE...



...NOW THE WOMAN LISA-PRINCESS OF EARTH-BOWS DEEPLY TO AN AUDIENCE GONE MAD...CLAPPING AND CHEERING THE WEIRD WOMAN WHO STANDS ON THE LUNATIC SPECIAL DESIGN PENTAGRAM SHE UNKNOWNLY, UNWITTINGLY USES MERELY AS AN EFFECT...



AS I USUALLY DO AT THIS MOMENT IN MY PERFORMANCE I'D LIKE TO PAUSE TO TELL YOU THE STORY OF MY LIFE... IT WILL TAKE BUT A MINUTE...

...I KNOW NOT OF MY ORIGINS...

WHAT BEGINNINGS ARE MINE I CANNOT TELL YOU... I KNOW ONLY OF THESE LAST FEW MONTHS AMONG YOU... SINGING... ENTERTAINING HOWEVER I CAN...

THE THING STOPS... SHUDDERS LISTENS FOR THE SOUND OF THE VOICE... HEARS NOTHING... ITS HAND CREEKS AT THE JOINTS STRAINING TO HEAR...



THE THING IS NEARER NOW... NO LONGER MUST IT STRAIN TO LISTEN... HE IS ONLY FOOTSTEPS AWAY FROM THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND...



MY GOD-- WHAT IS IT?

GOD ALMIGHTY... SOME... SOME KIND OF DEMON...



THANK YOU
THANK YOU LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN...



...THE THING HEARS
THE VOICE AGAIN...
AND CONTINUES TO
WALK TO THE
SOUND...



PERHAPS IT IS WHAT
IS CALLED AMNESIA...

MORE LIKELY
MY HISTORY CAN BE
EXPLAINED ANOTHER
WAY...

...A WAY AT THIS
TIME I KNOW NOT



...NOW THE THING DRAGS
HIS PRINCESS...

...DRAGS HER BACK...



...COME...
...YOU HAVE
FORGOTTEN THINGS
YOU MUST TEND TO...

...YOU HAVE
FORGOTTEN US...
LEFT US ALONE
TOO LONG MY
PRINCESS...

...THINGS YOU MUST
TEND TO... THINGS YOU
MUST REMEMBER...

...DRAGS HER BACK
TO THE CAVE...DUMPS
HER IN THE MESS SHE
HAS LONG, CRUELY
FORGOTTEN...
NEGLECTED.



...THEN STUMBLES BACK...
WATCHES HER REMEMBER...

...SENT TO BE MOTHER-
HATCH OF EARTH-SPAWN...
I HAD FORGOTTEN...
AFTER THE CRASH...
FORGOTTEN MY
BABIES...NOW THEY
FALL AND SMASH...
WASTED LIFE...
...WASTED...

...MY
RESPONSIBILITY...

I AM...
THE PRINCESS...
OF EARRRTHHH...



THE PRINCESS OF EARTH...LIKE THE
QUEEN-BEE...NOW TENDS AND FEEDS
HER YOUNG...THESE SPACE-SPAWNED
COME TO COLONIZE PLANET-EARTH...

...THE QUEEN MOTHER MUST NEVER KNOW
OF THE SHAME OF HER DAUGHTER'S
NEGLECT...IN A FEW DAYS SHE'LL BE SENT
A REPORT...ACKNOWLEDGING EARTH-
SPAWN'S PROGRESS...

...AND THE QUEEN OF MARS WILL BE
PROUD OF HER DUTIFUL DAUGHTER...THE
EVER-PREGNANT PRINCESS OF
THE COLONY: EARTH...

... there are not only millions of frogs in **FROGS** but millions of rats, bats, snakes, lizards, insects, alligators, and other 2 legged, 4 legged, 6 legged and many-legged creeping creatures... all of them **MURDERERS** in the first degree...

... in the 42nd Street N.Y. theater where we attended the showing of **FROGS** we were astonished before we even walked in the front door... because... **NO KIDDING**... as we handed our ticket to the old doorman we **DISTINCTLY** heard him **SINGING**: '... there are millions... oh-ll... there are millions and billions and trillions of little froggies inside... lovely little froggies...' (That's the truth - although we know no-one will believe us) **THAT** provided us with a strange but exceedingly suitable advertence to:

FROGS



AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL's production features four film veteran **RAY MILLAND** (remember **THE PREMATURE BURIAL**: 1951?) whose performance as a crabby old Everglades swamp-dweller has got to be seen to be believed... never, in our opinion, has a crabby old Everglades swamp-dweller been portrayed so well.

MOVIE MACABRE newcomer **SAM ELLIOT** portrayed Pickens Smith, who appears as the hero of the film... his performance, while hardly outstanding - was 'durable' - and notable in that he's scripted as being just about the only person in the picture (along with **JOAN VAN ARK** as Karen Crockett and children **HAL HODGES** and **DALE WILLINGHAM** as Jay and Tina Crockett) who escape the vengeance of the swamp creatures - best (all of them) in destroying the entire human race...

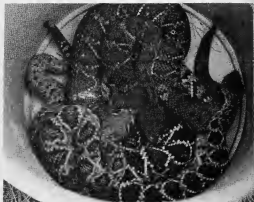
... besides constantly crawling over everything (as conveniently depicted in the Brain-eating Barni Winghamton illustration to the right) the froggies seem to have an abnormal fanatic-madish **PLAN** in mind... a **PURPOSE** to their actions... it appears that old Jason Crockett has been playing havoc with pesticides and the like... and now the toads, froggies, salamanders, snakes, lizards, spiders, and the entire Everglades empire are in **REVOLT**...



Death comes in awkward awful ways to the group of creeps gathered to celebrate the old man's birthday at his ancestral mansion. . . no one in the theater feels sorry AT ALL as people die right, left and center in the weirdest ways. . .

. . . a caretaker is found dead in the swamp with frogs and lizards all about, a man is suffocated to death as scorpions and tarantulas spin a web around his throat, another dies in a green house when giant lizards knock over containers of deadly insecticide spray (in a cleverly photographed and dramatic scene), a woman is bled to death by leaches, another man is devoured by an alligator, another is eaten alive by macabre unidentified fish, while his wife is dragged underwater and drowned by a huge turtle. . .





... and not that we want to give-away the **ENDING** of **FRDGS** (because this is a fright fantasy we **RECDMMEND**)...but...yes, old crotchety Jason (**RAY MILLAND**) Crockett gets 'croaked' by the froggies too...

GOOD EVENING DETECTIVE SERGEANT WALTER CROWD... HARDLY A NICE NIGHT TONIGHT, BUT YOU DON'T APPEAR TO NOTICE... OR CARE... YOU LOOK A BIT DEAD--BUT WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT... ALTHOUGH PERHAPS YOU'D HONOR US WITH AN EXPLANATION...
...ONE WITH WHICH WE'D START OUR TALE... OF

THE FUNERAL BARGE

HENRIETSON
AND XIRNIUS



"...THE FUNERAL BARGE... ON MY GOD... I WISH I'D NEVER HEARD OF IT! EVEN THE FIRST NIGHT I FELT DEATH ALL AROUND ME... NOT JUST THE DEATH OF BEING SURROUNDED BY DECAYING CORPSES... BUT THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HORRIBLY SMAT ON MY SPIRIT... DISGUSTINGLY TORTURED MY SOUL..."



"...MY BLACK NOTEBOOK STARTS AT 10:00 THAT EVIL NIGHT... STARTS AS I AM THROWING LIFE DEAD WEIGHT ONTO OTHER LIVES--LIFELESS BEINGS WHOSE BODY ODOUR FILLED MY NOSTRILS WITH DISGUST AND TEASINGLY THREATENED TO REVOLT MY STOMACH..."



"... THEN CAME MUCH CHUGGING... TCHUG! SPIT! CHUGS-CHOKES... AND THE LONG BLACK FLOAT/THIS RELIC OF OLD ENGLAND'S WATERWAYS CAME INTO SIGHT SILHOUTTED BY THE WHITE MOON... IT'S FETID DECKS FILLED WITH **HUMAN REMAINS...**"



"... THE ENGINES LULLED AS IT DOCKED AT THE SMALL WHARF... LOW VOICES GUTTERINGLY CHORDED THE NIGHT AIR... MONEY MADE OF IT PER MINS SWIFTLY END OVER... THE 3 CREWMEN TURNED AND BLINKED THROUGH THE RAIN TO SEE US LYING IN... HEAP... TO SEE COMPANIES LYING IN POOLS OF MUDDY TANNED WATER AND THEIR OWN GOLD BLOOD..."



"... THEY CAME OVER AND PICKED UP OUR FEET... BEGAN TO WALK BACK TO THE BARGE... DRAGGING US... OUR HEADS BOUNCED ALONG THE NET BOARDS... COLLECTING SPUNTERS AND SLIVERS WHICH STUCK INTO OUR SKULLS..."



"... AT DOCKSIDE THEY LIFTED US ONE BY ONE... LIKE SACKS OF GARBAGE... LIFTED US OVER THEIR HEADS AND THREW US THE FIFTY FEET ONTO THE DECK TOP WHERE WE LANDED ON SOFT, GOOING REMNANTS OF BODIES -- BITS OF FORGOTTEN LIFE THAT SKINNED TEASING MOCKING SKINS AT THE NEWCOMERS COME TO MEET THEIR COMPANY..."



"...THE RUMBLING CHUGGING FROM BELOW DECK CHAINED TO A STEADY GROWL WHICH BOUNDED THE BODIES SURROUNDING ME... HEARING THEM... PULSING THEM LIKE THEY WERE ALIVE ONCE AGAIN..."



"...THE CREWMEN SAID NOTHING... THEY SAT AROUND WITH ZOMBIE STARES... UNSMOKING... AND RUMINATING -- RYING NO NEED TO THE CORRIDORS -- IGNORING THE STENCH THAT PHYSICALLY FILLED THE NIGHT AIR..."



"...THE LIGHTLESS BARGE SEEMED ABLE TO DRIFT KNOWINGLY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SLOW-MOVING RIVER... IN A PILOT HOUSE NEAR THE BACK OF THE BARGE A MAN STOOD WITH THE RUDDER-WHEEL IN HIS HANDS... IT DID NOT TURN OR SEEM TO MOVE... NEITHER DID HE..."



"...THIS HAD HAPPENED BEFORE... THIS DARK BARGE HAD BEEN SEEN FLOATING DOWN RIVER... STOPPING HERE AND THERE TO PICK UP CORPSES... I WAS SENT ABOARD FORMER AS A DEAD-MAN TO FIND OUT WHY... TO FIND OUT WHERE IT GOES AND WHY... SENT BY MY EMPLOYER: SCOTLAND YARD... TO FIND IF THE REASON WAS LEGAL OR... OTHERWISE..."



"...AT FIVE IN THE MORNING THE SUN BEGAN TO RISE... THE HORROR BARGE DETOURED INTO AN INLET..."



"...AND A SIGHT GUTTED MY EYES I CAN SCARCELY EVER
FORGET... A CASTLE OUT OF HELL THAT ROSE LIKE SOME
MACHINERY GROWING THING... GREW OUT OF THE WATER
... GREW AND BREATHED... AND AS IT YAWNED
A BLACK HOLE IN ITS BOW SLOWLY WIDENED
... WIDENED TO WELCOME ITS CRAWLING,
BREATHING, SICKENING, HORRIBLY
HEAVING FOOD WHICH FLOATED UPON
THIS BIZARRE BARGE NOW AIMED
LIKE AN ARCHAIC ARROW AT THE
DISGUSTING SQUALID STOMACH
OF THAT GREAT **CARNIVOROUS
CASTLE...**"

"...ALTHOUGH THE SUN WAS NOW HIGH THE LIGHT BEGAN TO SLOWLY
DIE IN THE GROTESQUE GREY OPENING INTO WHICH WE NOW CREPT...



"...INSIDE THERE WAS UTTER SILENCE... ONLY ONCE
BROKEN BY THE SUDDEN **AFRUD** OF THE BARGE HITTING
THE STONE DOCK..."



"...A MODERN MECHANICAL LIFT
LOOMED OVER US... DROPPED LIKE
A PETIT CLAW AND **CLAMPED**
ONTO SEVERAL BODIES WHICH IT
LIFTED INTO THE AIR AND LET GO
OVER A VERY LITTLE CART
CUSTOMARILY USED TO COMPOUND
COMPOST..."



"...BACK IT CAME AGAIN... LIFTING
LIMP HUMAN CORPSES AND
DUMPING THEM INTO THE COMPOST
HEAP... THEN AS IT RETURNED FOR
ITS FINAL LOAD I FELT MY
HEART LEAP INTO MY STOMACH
AND MY MIND GO MAD... FOR THE
SILVER MECHANICAL CLAWS
CAUGHT MY ARM AND **CLENCHED**
AND **DUG** INTO IT DEEPLY... I
MANAGED TO SCREAM AND DUG MY
TEETH INTO THE ARM OF A
NEIGHBORING 'PASSENGER' TO
PREVENT THE **BELLOW** OF
HORROR THAT WOULD'VE SPOILED
FROM MY THROAT..."



"...THEN THE CART WAS PULLED BY THE SHROUDED THINGS INTO THE GROTESQUE CORRIDORS OF THE CASTLE... THE BODIES BOUNCED ON THE CART AS IT RISSLED OVER THE CRACKS IN THE STONE FLOOR... AND ME BECAME FINALLY BATHED IN LIGHT... BATHED IN THE LIGHT OF UTTER **INHUMAN DEPRAVITY...**"



"...THE HUNGRY THINGS GRASSED AT US... PULLED... CLAWED... THEN SLUTTERED INTO CORNERS WITH THEIR CHOICE OF **FOODSTUFFS...**"



"...THEY WERE **VAMPIRES...**"

"...SOMEBOW I GOT TO MY FEET..."

"...SOMEBOW I BEGAN TO **RUN LIKE HELL...**"



"...THEY CAME AFTER ME CHUCKLING AND SNICKING AND CHORTLING... BLOOD CLOTTED BITS OF **HUMAN FLESH** DRIPPING FROM THEIR MOUTHS AS THEY RAN DOWN THAT **BLACK CORRIDOR** AFTER ME..."



"...I GRABBED A TORCH FROM THE WALL IN THAT DISEMBOWLED CORRIDOR... THRUST IT INTO THE FACE OF ONE OF MY PURSUERS... HIS HEAD WENT UP LIKE A **MATCH...** HIS ANCIENT BODY WRITHED AND FELL APART BEFORE MY VERY EYES..."



"...IN THE GRAND ENTRANCE OF THE HORROR-HOUSE STOOD A MASSIVE COAT OF ARMS, POSSESSED OF HAUNTED WRETCHEDNESS BY ITS DEPARTED CREATOR... I LUNGED AT IT... RIPPING THE GLEAMING BLADE OF THE SWORD FROM ITS MOUNT... AND TURNED TO THE GRINNING VAMPIRES..."



"...TURNED AND LUNGED AT THEM IN MY DYING BREATH... TURNED AND HACKED... GOO..."

HACKED..."



"...HACKED..."



"...UNTIL I FELT BENEATH THEM, LIKE MY HAND LONG AGO... WHOEVER WAS LEFT CARRIED ME AWAY..."



"THE CREWMEN SAID NOTHING... THEY SAT AROUND WITH ZOMBIE STARES... UNSMILING... UNDRINKING... UNLIVING -- PLACING NO NEED TO THE CORPSES -- IGNORING THE STENCH THAT PHYSICALLY FILLED THE NIGHT AIR..."



"THE LIGHTLESS BARGE SEEMED ABLE TO DRIFT KNOWINGLY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SLOW-MOVING RIVER... IN A PILOT HOUSE NEAR THE BACK OF THE BARGE... I STOOD WITH THE RUDDER-WHEEL IN MY HANDS... IT DID NOT TURN OR SEEM TO MOVE... NEITHER DID I..."



WHEN STARTING THIS TALE OF
MACABRE HORROR, MAKE SURE
YOUR STOMACH'S EMPTY...

WHEE KINDA
MEAT IS THIS
MOMMAE...

IT DOESN'T
TASTE LIKE
HAMBURGER.

WELL, IT'S SUPPOSED TO...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE
BUTCHER DOES... ALL HIS
MEAT TASTES TERRIBLE...
...WHAT DO YOU
THINK, DEAR...

I THINK IT'S TERRIBLE...
I CAN'T FIND IT... IS THIS
YOUR REGULAR
BUTCHER?

NO-- SOME LITTLE
SHOP I NOTICED
RECENTLY... CUT
RATE PRICES ON
EVERYTHING!

...WELL, I DON'T
CARE HOW CUT
RATE THEY ARE...
THIS MEAT IS
GARBAGE...

...I
LIKE
IT...

WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO
PULL OFF, NOWKAY? THIS MEAT
TASTES LIKE IT'S BEEN LING
AROUND FOR MONTHS... IT
EVEN LOOKS ROTTEN...

LOUIS NOWAY
AIMS TO PLEASE
LADY... YOUR
MONEY WILL BE
REFUNDED...

LOUIS NOWAY
BUTCHER

THAT'S NOT ENOUGH!
I WANT TO KNOW WHY
THIS MEAT IS BAD... WHAT
IS IT?... RATS?... DOGS?...
WHAT'RE YOU TRYING
TO PUT OVER...?

DON'T START THROWING
INSULTS AT ME, NOWAY... IT'S
ORDINARY HAMBURGER... YOU
DON'T LIKE IT... DON'T SHOP
HERE... HERE'S YOUR
MONEY BACK...

AND BUTCHER
LOUIS NOWAY
SMILES... FOR
HE KNOWS...
HE KNOWS...

ANDERSON AND FERRIS

SATAN'S CELLAR



...AND SO STARTS
OUR TALE...

ALRIGHT
EVERYBODY FREEZE...
THIS IS A RAID...

RAIDING A
BUTCHER SHOP?
WHAT CAN ANYONE
DO IN A BUTCHER
SHOP?

DO YOU HAVE
A WARRANT
OFFICERS?



WE GOTTA
WARRANT... UP
AGAINST THE
REAL BUTCHER...

ISN'T THIS A
BIT OVERDO?
I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT YOU
WANT!

...UP
AGAINST THE
WALL...



IS THIS
NECESSARY?
YOU WOULD ONLY
TELL ME WHAT IS
IT YOU WANT TO
HELP YOU?

I'LL TELL
YOU HONAY.
I HAD THEM
COME... WE'RE
GOING TO TAKE
A LOOK AT YOUR
MEAT LOOZER... I
HAVE THE FEELING
WE'LL FIND MORE
THAN ORDINARY
HAMBURGER
MEAT...



YOU...
...I MIGHT HAVE
KNOWN... I
FIGURED YOU
FOR A
TROUBLEMAKER
FROM THE BEAST...

WAKE A GOOD
SEARCH MEN...
ANYTHING AT ALL OUT
OF THE ORDINARY...
ANYTHING...



'RAID NOT SURE -
EVERYTHING LOOKS
O.K.' - NOTHING
STRANGE - JUST
BEEP THAT'S
ALL...

AND YOU'RE GOT THE NERVE TO TAKE
THE WORD OF THIS LIGHTING WOMAN THAT
I'M SELLING DOGSMEAT?
I'M RESPECTFUL... JUST
BECAUSE ONE PIECE OF
MEAT GOES BAD IS NO
REASON TO UPSET
THE ENTIRE CITY
WALL...

THIS WOMAN
SWORE OUT A
COMPLAIN SIR...
IT'S OUR
RESPONSIBILITY
TO CARRY OUT A
SEARCH... HEALTH
DEPARTMENT
REGULATIONS...



...I'LL GET
YOU NEXT
HONAY...



WE'VE GOT TO UNITE...WE'VE GOT TO BAND TOGETHER...DEMAND THAT THE CITY ACT AGAINST THIS FEND...

...HE'S SELLING RATS... GARBAGE... POISONING OUR CHILDREN...
...I THINK HIS MEAT IS FINE...

NOW CAN YOU SAY THAT...THIS IS THE 2ND TIME I'VE BOUGHT MEAT THAT'S ROTTEN...NO ONE IS GOING TO TELL ME HE'S NOT DOING SOMETHING ILLEGAL...

THEN WHY NOT GET TOGETHER WITH ME AND...



IS THERE NO ONE ELSE WHO IS UNHAPPY... NO ONE?

HIS MEAT IS STRONG... EVEN A BIT STRANGE... BUT I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH IT!

WELL...I'M UNHAPPY...I GOT A PIECE OF MEAT FROM HIM THAT I HAD TO THROW OUT...



...BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE THE TIME...I JUST STOPPED SHOPPING THERE THAT'S ALL...

BUT THIS IS THE KIND OF THING WE WOMEN LIBBERS CAN REALLY SHINK OUR TEETH INTO...

WELL WE'RE SORRY... AT THE MOMENT THIS LIB GROUP HAS BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH ITS TIME...

...PROTESTING AGAINST ALL MEN... NOT JUST ONE BUTCHER WHO SELLS BAD MEAT ONCE IN A WHILE...



...ONCE IN A WHILE... RUMORSH... I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSELF...

...THERE HE IS... OUT FRONT OF THE SHOP...PAVING OFF HIS MUCKY MEAT...I'M GOING TO FIND SOME PLACE TO SLIP IN THE BACK UNNOTICED...



THE BACK DOOR OFF THIS ALLEY SHOULD LEAD RIGHT INTO HIS LOCKER AREA...



DON'T SEE ANYTHING... JUST THE SAME BEEF I SAW WHEN THE POLICE WERE HERE... THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE MISSED... SOMETHING...



DUST IS
MOVED AROUND
A BIT HERE...
LIKE THERE WAS
SOME
SCUFFLING OR
SOMETHING.

...A
HANDLE...



OH, DEAR LORD...

...I KNEW IT... I KNEW IT...

...IT'S NOT RATS OR
DOGS HE HILLS FOR MEAT...
GOD... IT'S HUMANS...



MY GOD... I'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE... GET TO
THE POLICE BEFORE HE
DISCOVERS ME...

...RATS ARE ONE THING...
BUT THIS... THIS IS INHUMAN...
IF HE CATCHES ME HE'LL...

...OORR...



YOU...

...SO YOU'VE
FOUND THE
CELLAR...

FRIEND, YOU
DEPRAVED FRIEND
...IF YOU THINK
YOU'LL GET AWAY
WITH THIS YOU'RE
MAD...



NOP

I'M GETTING
OUT OF HERE
NOW... AND YOU
DAREN'T STOP
ME.

...MY HUSBAND
KNOWS I'M HERE
HE'LL REPORT
THIS TO THE
POLICE...



...I
DOUBT
IT.

I VERY MUCH
DOUBT IF YOUR
HUSBAND WOULD
LET YOU COME
HERE ALONE.

...NO... I THINK
YOU CAME OF
YOUR OWN
ACCORD... I
DON'T THINK
ANYONE ELSE
KNOWS ANYTHING
ABOUT THIS.

SURE --
THERE'LL BE AN
INVESTIGATION --
BUT NOTHING TO
PROVE YOU
WERE HERE...
NOTHING
NOWAY...
FE.

MY GOD
NO... YOU
CAN'T...

NO!

...WHEN YOU'RE
FINISHED WOMAN
...TURN... TO
SEE THE
FINGERS...

NO!

...TURN TO
SEE THE 9
FINGERS.

...NOW
THERE ARE 16
FINGERS...



...NOW
THEY'RE
ARE 24



55 FINGERS...
COUNT 'EM...
FEEL THEM
COMING AT
YOU...



...OH MY
GOD...



IT IS GOOD THAT YOU PAINT NOW...
FOR IN ANOTHER MOMENT YOU WOULDN'T
BE ABLE TO BEAR THE PAIN... THE WARRIOR
THAT WAS ARMED - MANY LEGGED
BLACK THING WILL INFLECT UPON YOU AS IT
SLOWLY SLITHERS UP YOUR BLESSING REMAINS...
...IT IS HUNGRY... AS ARE THE OTHERS...
...THE THINGS FROM BENEATH THIS OLD
SECTION OF THE CITY HAVE FOUND THEIR
ONLY EXIT UNGUARDED... LOUIS HOKKIS
DEAD... THE WOMAN PAINTED...

...NOW THEY CAN COME OUT...
AFTER FOOD...

...THERE IS NOT MUCH FOOD
UNDERNEATH... UNDERNEATH THE
SEWERS WHERE THINGS LIKE THIS
BREED ON HUMAN WASTE...

...BUT THEN AGAIN... FOR
WHILE WE
WERE
BREEDING
ON THEM
WERE WE
NOT...

...MANY OF YOU HAVE BEEN WRITING TO US RECENTLY PRESENTING US WITH YOUR OPINIONS, COMMENTS AND IDEAS ON THE HORROR-MOOD AND SKYWALD'S CRIPPLED COUPLET... NIGHTMARE AND PSYCHO... A LOT OF WHAT YOU SAY HAS MUCH MACABRE MERIT... AND WE HOPE YOU'LL NOTICE THAT WE TRY TO DO IN THE MAGAZINES WHAT YOU WANT US TO... THEREFORE TO HELP YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT AND TO HELP US UNDERSTAND YOU BETTER... WHY NOT FILL IN THE FOLLOWING

BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

...TO THE FIRST TEN LETTERS WE RECEIVE WE'LL GIVE ADVANCE COPIES OF THE UPCOMING ASTONISHING EVIL LUNATIC ISSUE OF PSYCHO #10... ALONG WITH PUBLISHING MANY OF YOUR NAMES IN OUR LETTERS/EDITORIAL COLUMN SOON...

(IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TEAR THE PAGE OUT THE MAGAZINE, JUST COPY OUT THE QUESTIONS AND FILL IN JUST LIKE YOU WOULD HERE...OR WRITE US A LETTER...WHICH IS JUST AS GREAT).

NAME ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE ZIP AGE

1... HOW OFTEN DO YOU BUY OUR MAGAZINES... EVERY ISSUE?

2... DO YOU BUY ALL THE HORROR MAGAZINES OR JUST OURS (OR JUST OTHERS)?

3... HOW IMPORTANT IS THE COVER TO YOU? DO YOU LIKE STORY TITLES AND TYPE ON THE COVER?

4... WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE A 96 PAGE MAGAZINE-BOOK SELLING FOR \$1

5... WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS?

6... WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE WRITERS?

7... DO YOU ALSO READ COLOR COMICS? IF SO, WHAT?

8... WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE IN THE STORIES?

9... DO YOU KEEP YOUR ISSUES OF PSYCHO AND NIGHTMARE OR DO YOU TRADE 'EM OR THROW 'EM AWAY AFTER?

10... DO YOU LIKE THE PHOTO FEATURE? IF SO, WHAT MOVIES WOULD YOU LIKE US PRINT IN THE FUTURE?

11... DO YOU LIKE PIN UP FEATURES?

12... DO YOU BUY THE MAGAZINES BECAUSE YOU LIKE HORROR OR BECAUSE YOU LIKE COMICS?

13... WHAT IDEAS DO YOU HAVE FOR NEW FEATURES IN THE MAGAZINES?

SEND TO:

ARCHAIC EDITORS
SKYWALD PUBLISHING
CORPORATION
18 EAST 41st STREET
NEW YORK CITY N.Y. 10017

...MANY THANKS...





#2...\$2.00 #3...\$1.50 #4...\$1.50 #8...\$1.00

THIS IS THE MAGAZINE OF THE MAD-ULTIMATE LUNATIC HEAP... THE UNUSUAL MAN-BEAST WHO COMES INTO YOUR MIND AND RENDS IT IN...

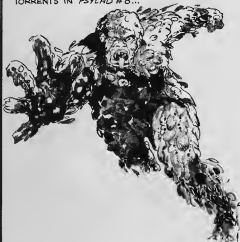
PSYCHO



PSYCHO
#11

ANNUAL...\$1.99 #9...\$1.00 ON SALE OCT 26 ON SALE DEC 28

...LEARN THE MACABRE ORIGIN OF THE HEAP IN ISSUE #2... THEN TAUNT YOUR BRAIN CORPUSCLES IN THESE TALES OF FIENDISH OTHER-THINGS: 'THE MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY' BY BRAINWASHED BILL EVERETT IN #3... 'FRANKENSTEIN' BY TERRIBLE TOM SUTTON IN #4... AND LOSE COMPLETE HOLD OF YOUR SANITY IN 'THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF '000000' BY RABID RAMON TORRENTS IN PSYCHO #8...



NIGHTMARE IS THE MAGAZINE OF CORPSES, CADAVERS, CREEPS, CRETONS AND MACABRE CRABS... WHERE AWKWARD MANY-MOULDED GHOULS LINGER HORRIBLY THROUGH ARCHAIC GRAVEYARDS SLITHERING AND SLIDING ABOUT AND WAITING TO ENTER YOUR PSYCHAL-SPINAL... GRAB ONTO 'MARK OF THE BEAST' BY SUFFERING SYD SHORES IN ISSUE #1... 'TUNNELS OF HORROR' BY PARANOK PABLO MARCOS IN #8... 'IN A GRAVE BENEATH THE SEA' BY BENT BILL PAYNE IN THE ANNUAL... AND 'THE THING IN THE ALLEY' BY ARCHAIC AL AND BYGONE BERNI WRIGHTSON IN #9... ALL IN...



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NIGHTMARE



NIGHTMARE
#11

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HEREIN IS WHERE YOU CAN OBTAIN CERTAIN MANIACAL, ASTONISHING, CORRUPT, HARD-TO-GET, MINT, WEIRD, SCHOKEE COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS FROM OUR...

BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT

...AND IN THE PROCESS, PROVIDE YOURSELF WITH MANY AWKWARD EVENINGS OF OFTEN-LITERATE GRAPHIC ENTERTAINMENT...



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HELL-RIDER

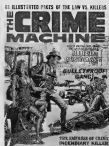
HAVE YOU MET THE 'THE HELL-RIDER'?... HAVE YOU SMASHED INTO HELL ON THE HORROR-BIKE?... GRAB ONTO THESE 2 AND ONLY 2 ISSUES OF THE ORIGINAL BIKE-RIDING SUPERHERO BY GROTESQUE GARY FRIEDRICH... WHO TEAMED UP WITH THE BASHFUL WILD-BUNCH AND THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE-LIMBED BLACK-BUTTERFLY TO CAPTURE YOUR BRAIN PEBBLES AND SHAKE THEM OUT OF EXISTENCE...



2 ... \$ 2.00



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THE CRIME MACHINE

THE MAGAZINE OF GANGSTERS, DOLLS AND ATROCIOUS UNBELIEVABLE EVIL... FOR THESE WEIRD 2 FAT-ONES ARE ABOUT THE AWFUL DAYS WHEN AL CAPONE, DUTCH SCHULTZ, BABY FACE NELSON AND OTHER PUNKS WERE WARLORDS AND RULED THE STREETS... LEARN OF THEIR CRIMES, LIVES AND PRETENDED BRITTLE LOVES IN THE ONLY 2 ISSUES OF CRIME-MACHINE... THE MAGAZINE THAT'LL CRIPPLE YOUR WEIRD LITTLE MACABRE Brain...



ARCHAIC CASH ENCLOSED...\$.....

for CRIME-MACHINE #1 ☐ #2 ☐

for HELL-RIDER #1 ☐ #2 ☐

for PSYCHO #2 ☐ #3 ☐ #4 ☐ #8 ☐ ANNUAL ☐ #9 ☐ #10 ☐

NIGHTMARE #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3 ☐ #8 ☐ #9 ☐ ANNUAL ☐ #10 ☐ #11 ☐

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

THE PROVERBIAL KILLER



POKING UP A LARGE STONE IS A SIGN THAT IT WILL NOT BE THROWN! -- PERSIAN.

D-DON'T PUSH ME, JANET!
I... I WARN YOU...

A MAN THINKS HE KNOWS, BUT A
WOMAN KNOWS BETTER! --
CHINESE.

I-YOU'RE
RIGHT, JANET,
I COULD
NEVER HIT YOU.
I... LOVE YOU...

WHAT DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT LOVE?
YOU THOUGHT I
LOVED YOU, BUT ALL
I EVER REALLY
LOVED WAS YOUR
MONEY!

HAH! DON'T
WASTE ME LAUGH!
YOU'VE GOT A LEMON
POPSICLE FOR A GRINE--IT'S YELLOW AND IT
MELTS AS SOON AS THE HEAT'S PUT ON! YOU WOULDN'T
HIT ME WITH THAT AND YOU KNOW IT, MICHAEL, RIGHT?

'ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.' -- ISRAELIAN.



AND NOW THAT I'VE FOUND
OUT ABOUT YOUR MONTHLY
INFIDELITIES, I'VE GOT THE
PERFECT GROUNDS FOR
DIVORCE -- AND A NICE HUNK
OF YOUR CASH!

AND... AND I THOUGHT ALL
THIS TIME... THAT YOU LOVED
ME... I THOUGHT WE HAD SUCH A
GOOD THING TOGETHER, BUT
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS NOT
TRUE, JANET -- I HAVE TO GO
AWAY EVERY FEW WEEKS, BUT
I... I'VE NEVER BEEN UNFAITHFUL
TO YOU!

BEGGARS CAN
NEVER BE
CHOOSERS!...

I-I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY, JANET, BUT I
MUST LEAVE AGAIN TONIGHT, PLEASE
TRUST ME... I KNOW YOU D-DON'T LOVE
ME, BUT PLEASE STAY
WITH ME -- I WANT TO
WAKE YOU ANY WAY I
CAN! I'LL BUY YOU
WHATEVER YOU
WANT WHEN I
RETURN...

I WANT MY FREEDOM, AND
YOU BET YOU'LL BUY IT FOR
ME -- WITH ALMOST CHECKS!
NOW SHADDUP, YOU CHINESE
CREEP! GET OUT OF HERE --
GO TO YOUR LOVER --
THOUGH GOD
KNOWS WHAT
WOMAN WOULD
WANT YOU!



TRAVEL IS A FESTIVAL TO
HIM WHO HATH AN
ILL-DISPOSED WIFE; SHUT THE DOOR OF JOYFULNESS
ON THAT HOUSE FROM WHICH THE WIFE'S CLAMOR
ISSUES! -- PERSIAN.



I SHOULD BE GLAD
TO LEAVE HER... BUT I'M
NOT. STILL, I MUST GO --
AND GETTING AWAY
FROM HER FOR A WHILE
WILL DO US BOTH
SOME GOOD...



'AT THE NARROW PASSAGE
THERE IS NO BROTHER AND NO
FRIEND'S.' -- ARABIAN.

'WHAT'LL I
DO WITHOUT
HER...? I'LL BE
ALONE -- ALL
ALONE ...



'WHEN THE
GOODMAN
IS ABOARD,
THE GOOD
WOMAN'S
TABLE IS
SOON SPREAD'
-- INDIAN.

'I TOLD HIM
ALL RIGHT, AUSEB!
WHAT A WORM HE
IS! HAVE YOU
LEARNED ANYTHING
NEW ABOUT HIM?

'SO YOU TOLD THE MAN YOU
WERE WISE TO HIS LITTLE
SOPHINE FUN AND
GAMES, EH?

'WERE THERE NO HEAVENS THERE WOULD BE NO BACKBITERS! ONE PAIR OF BARS DRINKS A
MILKED TOMBUSS.' -- ENGLISH.



'TONIGHT, I'LL
GET HIM PROBABLY ON
HIS WAY TO HER HOUSE.
RIGHT NOW? OK, AUSEB, NOW
I'LL BE ABLE TO GET THE
DIVORCE AND WE CAN BE
TOGETHER FOREVER.

'YEAH, MY CONTACTS
HAVE PROVIDED ME WITH
SOME INFORMATION THAT
CONFIRMS HIS GUILT!
THEY'VE SEEN THE
JERK WITH TWO
DIFFERENT WOMEN,
AND THEY SPECULATE
HE'LL BE MEETIN'
ANOTHER ONE
VERY SOON!

'YEAH, JANET-BABY,
AND THAT'S JUST THE WAY
I'LL LIKE IT -- CAUSE I
REALLY LOVE YOU...

'HA! THE DUMB
BROAD! IMAGINE ME LOVIN'
HER! BUT WITH THE ALIMONY
SHE'LL BE GETTIN', I COULD
LIVE WITH ANYBODY!



'MANY KISS THE CHILD FOR LOVE OF THE
NURSEMAID.' -- SCOTTISH

'SLANDER SLAYS THREE: THE SPEAKER, THE SPOKEN TO...
...AND THE SPOKEN OF' -- PALESTINIAN.

'AFTER WE'RE TROUGH WITH
THAT LOUSY BUM,
EVERYTHING'LL
BE FINE,
BABY!

'YES, AUSEB,
I'VE WAITED
A LONG TIME
TO BE FREE
OF THAT
LITTLE
RUNT.



'WHO COULD
BE TELLING JANET
ALL THOSE LIES ABOUT
ME MEETING ANOTHER
WOMAN? ONLY I
COULD TELL HER THE
TRUTH...



AND ABSENCE NEVER FAILS TO MAKE THE HEART GROW FONDER.



JANET'S SO LOVELY... PERFECT FOR ME--IF ONLY SHE WOULDN'T PERSIST IN HER CRAZY IDEAS...

THE CHINESE SAY THAT 'FREE SITTERS GRUMBLE MOST AT THE PLAY,' AND THE ENGLISH MAINTAIN THAT 'WHAT COSTS LITTLE IS ESTEEMED EVEN LESS!'

WHAT KIND OF LOUZY WINE IS THIS? YOU'D THINK YOUR FILTHY-RICH HUSBAND COULD AFFORD SOMETHING BETTER THAN THIS TO DRINK!



DON'T GET SO ANGRY, AUBIE. WE'LL HAVE BETTER AFTER WE'RE MARRIED--AND MICHAEL WILL STILL BE PAYING FOR IT!

THE JAPANESE WISELY COUNSEL: 'DO NOT STAY LONG WHEN THE HUSBAND IS NOT AT HOME.' BESIDES AS THE ARABS ARE QUICK TO POINT OUT, FISH AND GUESTS BECOME UNPLEASANT AFTER THREE HOURS; GOD BLESS HIM WHO PAYS VISITS, AND SWOON VISITS!

SURE, BABY, WE'LL HAVE THE BEST AS SOON AS YOU GET RID OF YOUR CRUMBUM HUSBAND. BUT IT BETTER GET GOIN' RIGHT NOW. I'LL BE BACK TONIGHT.

ALL RIGHT, AUBIE. I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU TONIGHT.



YOU BET I'LL BE BACK TONIGHT--TO BUTTER HER UP SOME MORE AND INSURE MYSELF A HOUSE ON EASY STREET FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!



THE PERSIANS SAY, 'WHEN THOU UTTEREST NOT A WORD, THOU HAST LAID THY HAND UPON IT; WHEN THOU UTTEREST IT, IT HATH LAID ITS HAND UPON THEE.' AND THE ENGLISH: 'WHILE THE WORD IS IN YOUR MOUTH IT IS YOUR OWN; WHEN 'TIS ONCE SPOKEN, 'TIS ANOTHER'S.'

HEY, RALPH! HOW SA-BERNIN' LISTEN, YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE THIS! I JUST CONNED JANET REDDY INTO BELIEVIN' HER SLOUCH HUSBAND IS CHEATIN' ON HER!

IS THAT A FACT, AUBIE?



'THY SECRET IS THY PRISONER; IF THOU LETTEST IT GO THOU BECOMEST *ITS* PRISONER, FOR THY PRISON HAS A FRIEND, THEREFORE KEEP THY MOUTH SHUT.' -- INDIAN.

YEAH, IT GURE IS A FACT; AND THE BEAUTIFUL PART ABOUT IT IS THAT SHE'S GONNA DIVORCE THE CHUMP AND MARRY ME! I'LL BE LIVIN' HIGH OFF THE HOG ON HIS ALIMONY PAYMENTS!



VERY INTERESTING INDEED. I THINK MY FRIEND MICHAEL WOULD BE EXTREMELY INTERESTED IN THIS LITTLE BIT OF INFORMATION.

HE WHO DRINKS SHOULD NOT ATTEMPT TO DANCE WITH HIS TONGUE.

WIFE! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND YOU FOR HOURS!



'THE TONGUE CAN MOUNT YOU ON AN ELEPHANT; THE TONGUE CAN BENEAD YOU.' -- INDIAN.

LOOK, MICHAEL, YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! WHY DO YOU GO AWAY FOR TWO DAYS EVERY MONTH?

SHUP UP! MIND YER OWN BUSINESS! SHUT UP! WHY E VRY NOOP!



ALTHOUGH 'THERE IS NO REST FOR THE WICKED,' 'NEITHER IS THERE ANY ADVANTAGE IN 'CRYING OVER SPILT MILK.'

WHAT A DOPE I WAS! WHY DID I HAVE TO BLAB TO RALPH? WHAT IF HE'S A FRIEND OF MICHAEL'S...? AW, WHAT'S THE USE-- WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. I'D BETTER GET READY TO SEE THAT BUBBLE-HEAD JANET.



SHUP, RAPH! WISE YOU TALKIN' 'BOUT TRAVE FIND ME FOR AT TESH TIME? SHUPPER TIME-- YOU SHOULD BE HOME... WIF YER WIFE, BATHN' SHUPPER!

'THE ROAD TO HELL IS PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS,' AND SINCE 'HEAVEN HAS GIVEN THEE TWO EARS BUT ONLY ONE TONGUE, THEREFORE REPEAT BUT HALF OF WHAT YOU HEAR.'



OKAY, WIFE, BUT I'M ONLY TRYING TO HELP. LOOK, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU MUST KNOW-- JANET INTENDS TO DIVORCE YOU...

I KNOW THAT! I KNOW IT-- SHE DOESN'T LOVE ME...

THE ARABIAN ADVISE: 'HE WHO SPEAKS THE TRUTH SHOULD HAVE ONE FOOT IN THE STIRRUP! THE ARABIAN EQUIVALENT SUGGESTS: 'GIVE A HORSE TO HIM WHO TELLS THE TRUTH THAT HE MAY ESCAPE.'

MILK, SHE'S GOING TO HARRY AUSIE--AND SUPPORT HIM ON YOUR ALIBY CHECKS--



'THE ONLY CERTAINTY IS THE INCHWORM EXISTENCE OF UNCERTAINTY.'



PATIENCE IS EVER A VIRTUE.'

'WE'LL HAVE A WHILE TO WAIT, JANET, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT IN THE END.



IT COULDN'T BE TRUE... BUT WHAT IF IT IS? I'LL FIND OUT! I DON'T CARE WHAT TIME OF THE MONTH IT IS--I'M GOING HOME TO FIND OUT IF IT'S TRUE!



IT IS ALWAYS EASIER TO SPEAK OF SOMEONE THAN TO SPEAK TO HIM...

THE MILKSHOP WORKING! IF HE WAS HERE RIGHT NOW, I COULD TAKE CARE OF HIM FAST ENOUGH--



ISN'T THAT, AUSIE? YOU'D TAKE CARE OF ME RIGHT NOW--?



RECKLESSNESS NEEDS NO RESTRAINTS...

AND 'TWE IS THE TRATOR'...

...REMINDING US THAT 'ALL IS NEVER COMPLETELY AS IT SEEMS'...

SOON,

WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO HIM, JANET? HE WAS
ALWAYS SO MEEN
BEFORE...

HE'S DRUNK.
THE WORM
HAS TURNED,
SA MICHAEL?

THE MOON -- THE
MOON IS OUT! BUT THAT'S ALL
RIGHT IN FACT, IT SUITS THE
SITUATION JUST FINE...

WHAT...WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
YOU, UH...?

JANET... SOON YOU'LL
KNOW WHY I LEFT YOU
EVERY MONTH--
AND YOU'LL WISH
YOU'VE NEVER
LEARNED THE
TRUTH!

PROVING THAT RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION IS
EVER SWEET AND...HE WHO LAUGHS LAST,
LAUGHS BEST!

...AND A BOOK CAN NEVER BE
JUDGED BY ITS COVER...

THE
MOON...
IT'S
FULL--!

...A
WEREWOLF!!!

HE... HE'S
CHANGING--
CHANGING
INTO...

AAAIIIEEEE!!!

"PROVERBS ARE THE WISDOM OF MANY AND THE WIT
OF ONE." -- LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

A MACABRE FACT OF LIFE!

DEMONIC POSSESSION

THE PLACE: ABSOLUTELY ANYWHERE!

THE TIME: RIGHT NOW!

THE SCENE: YOU ARE WALKING DOWN THE STREET--BUT YOUR WAY IS IMPEDED BY A COMMOTION ON THE SIDEWALK--PEOPLE ARE GATHERED AROUND? STARING--WOMDERING--NOBODY TURNS TO YOU AS YOU PUSH YOUR WAY THRU TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING--THEN YOU SEE HIM--YOU SEE THE MAN TWIST--WRITE--THE PAIN MUST BE IMMENSURABLE --YOU CHOKE BACK A FEELING THAT SWELLS IN YOUR GUT AS YOU SEE THE AGONY--THE TORTURE OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING... OUR QUESTION! A COMMON EPILEPTIC FIT?...OR SOMETHING WORSE...SOMETHING MUCH, MUCH WORSE...SAY, DEMONIC POSSESSION?



WHAT IS THE MACABRE TRUTH ABOUT DEMONIC POSSESSION--CAN A DEMON ACTUALLY CLIMB INTO A MAN'S SOUL? THE EXPLANATION IS NOT SIMPLE--IT IS INVOLVED AND INTRICATE--FOLLOW WITH US THEN...AND KNOW THE INCREDIBLE ANSWER...

IT STARTS IN A DARKENED ROOM-- TWO BEINGS ARE PRESENT...ONE A MORTAL MAN--THE OTHER...SATAN!

OH GRAND LUCIFUGE!

COME TO ME...
COME...I HAVE
SERVED YOU WELL,
MASTER...NOW I
SEEK A BOON!

WHAT
IS YOUR
BOON?

I SEEK THE
POSSESSION OF A
MAN BY A DEMON...I
WANT REVENGE ON THIS
MAN--I WANT HIM TO
BE TORTURED--I WANT
HIM TO BE IN AGONY...
GRANT ME THIS
MASTER--AND I SHALL
FOREVER CONTINUE
TO BE YOUR SERVANT!

Z-ZAP!

YOUR BOON
IS SO GRANTED
...BUT KNOW FULL
WELL THE COST...
MORE THAN MERE
SERVITUDE...

...YOUR SOUL!

AND WITHIN THAT SAME CITY...OR ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE WORLD THOUSANDS OF CITIES AWAY
(FOR DISTANCE IS NO MATTER)...A MAN GOES MAD...



AND KILLS!

AND WHEN THE AUTHORITIES COME TO STOP THE SLAUGHTER
HE IS BOUND IN A STRAIGHTJACKET...AND CARTED OFF
TO THE WILE PRISON THEY CALL...A LUNATIC ASYLUM...



LOOK AT
HIM... HE'S
NEVER GOING
TO STOP... HE'LL
BURN HIMSELF
OUT...

I WONDER
IF IT'S JUST
MADNESS--OR
IF IT'S SOME-
THING ELSE!

I ONCE SAW
A CASE MUCH
LIKE THIS BE-
FORE... IT WAS
HANDLED... BY A
MAN... OUTSIDE
OF THE MEDICAL
PROFESSION...

...AN
EXORCIST!





HOLD HIM DOWN...
HOLD HIM---HE MUST
BE KEPT PERFECTLY
MOTIONLESS DURING
THE CHANT...

AND THE STRANGE MAN IN BLACK, COME TO HEAL. MERELY
CHANTS...HE MAKES NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION...FOR
HE KNOWS...HE KNOWS THAT DEMONS ARE WITHIN AND
THAT NO AMOUNT OF MEDICAL SCIENCE WILL HELP HIM
NOW...THAT HE NEEDS A FEW SIMPLE WORDS CHANTED
OVER HIS HEAD...JUST A FEW SIMPLE WORDS...



BEGONE VILE DEMON...
LEAVE THIS BODY-CORRUPT
--DEFILER OF HUMAN-
KIND...

BEGONE
AND NEVER
RETURN!

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM...
THE DEMON DOES LEAVE...
AND NEVER IS THIS MAN
PUNISHED BY POSSESSION
AGAIN...NOW...HE KNOWS
ONLY PEACE!



THE EXPLANATION--DEMONIC
POSSESSION IS NOT A CREATION
OF THE GODS--GOOD OR EVIL--
RATHER IT IS A CRUEL
MACHINATION OF MAN! IT
WORKS MUCH LIKE THE
INFAMOUS VOOODOO...



ONE MAN WISHES TO TORTURE
ANOTHER...HE CONJURES UP THE
DEMONS IN HIS OWN MIND...
CONCENTRATES...RECITES RITUALS
AND HIS VICTIM ACTUALLY
DOES BECOME POSSESSED!

PSYCHIATRISTS AGREE THAT POSSESSION
IS A FACT OF LIFE--BUT ONLY POSSES-
SION OF ONE HUMAN BEING OVER AN-
OTHER...NOT OF DEMONS...AND THE
EXORCIST DRIVES FROM THE VICTIM'S
WRETCHED MIND THE MENTAL TELE-
PATHIC WAVES THAT HAVE AFFLICTED HIM!

GAME OF SKILL

WHO IS TO SAY THAT MAN AS HE FIRST ROAMED THE EARTH WAS SUPERIOR? HAS SCIENCE EVER QUESTIONED THE FACT, OR SIMPLY ASSUMED IT IN THE VANITY OF OUR RACE?

LET US RETURN TO THE BEGINNING, A TIME WHEN THE ONLY LAW WAS ONE OF SELF-PRESERVATION.

THIS BASIC NEED TO SURVIVE UNITED ALL CREATURES IN THE EQUALITY OF PRIMITIVE INSTINCT.

SAVAGE IN HIS WILL TO LIVE, MAN WAS NO LESS FEROCIOUS THAN ANY OF THE OTHER BEASTS DEPENDENT UPON VICTORY IN THE HUNT.

WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THAT FIRST PACK OF HUMANS HAD NOT OUT-NUMBERED THEIR PREY?



HAD THE VICTIMS DEFEATED THE VICTORS, DEVOURING FLESH WITH THE SAME ANIMAL BLOODLUST, CIVILIZATION'S SCIENTISTS MIGHT BE COMPARING THE INFERIOR SKILL OF A HOMO-SAPIEN TO THE SUPERIOR BONE FORMATION OF THE SABOON... IN THE VANITY OF THEIR OWN RACE.



THE NIGHTMARE WORLD OF

TRISHA HAMLIN
of LIVINGSTON, KENTUCKY
AS TOLD TO HEWETSON AND LARA




TRISHA... A YOUNG WOMAN IN HER FINAL YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL... WHOSE MAJOR INTEREST THESE HELLISH DAYS OF HECTIC DISCORD INCLUDE **SPACE TRAVEL** AND THE STUDY OF **OUTER INFINITIES EVER-NEAR... NEVER-FAR** / ON A MOONLESS NIGHT IN OCTOBER THE MAIDEN TRISHA STROLLS ALONG THE **BANKS** OF HER NATIVE **ROCKCASTLE RIVER**--ROMANCING TO HERSELF OF THE **PROUD DAY** WHEN ONE OF HER SEX WILL WALK THE **SURFACE** OF OUR LONELY ORBITTING **SATELLITE... THE MOON!** AND SO DREAMING... SHE FALLS INTO A **NIGHTMARISH SLEEP** OF DEMONS AND BEINGS NOT KNOWN ON THIS EARTH... BUT WHO ARE MASTERS ON ANOTHER...



"I FELT MYSELF BEING **PULLED...**
FROM BEHIND... BY **WHAT**
ONLY SATAN KNEW... FOR AS I
LOOKED AT THEIR **FOUR EYES**
I REALIZED THEY WERE NOT OF
MY EARTH."

THE CRAWLED OUT THE CRATER



"MY DREAM STARTED, CRAZILY ENOUGH, WITH ME AS A NEWS ANNOUNCER... TELLING THE T.V. CAMERAS OF MY OWN DEPARTURE FOR THE MOON..."

MRS. HAPLEN IS NOW BOARDING THE MISSILE WHICH WILL TAKE OFF IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS FOR THE MOON...

AS YOU CAN SEE BY THE HUGE CROWD OF WOMEN GATHERED HERE AT W.A.S.A. TODAY EVEN THE MOSTLY SKEPTICAL WOMEN'S LIB ORGANIZATION WENT FOR THE DUST OF LUNA. OH, THIS, HER PREMIER, SOLO VOYAGE INTO SPACE...



DUST STORM... COMING AT ME... MUST GET UP THE FORCE SHIELDS...

WHAT AM I SAYING? THE SHIP ISN'T EQUIPPED WITH A FORCE SHIELD... THAT'S ONLY SCIENCE FICTION!



"THE COSMIC DUST RIPPED A HOLE IN THE SIDE OF MY SHIP THE SIZE OF A HOLE, WITH AS MUCH FEROCITY... THE NOTHINGNESS OF SPACE TORE INTO MY CABIN... GRABBING AT THE AIR WITH MY LUNGS AND TWISTING MY INSIDES..."

"MY NEXT SENSATION WAS MERELY FLOATING, HELPLESSLY, AIMLESSLY IN SPACE... BUT EVEN THO I KNEW MY LUNGS WERE EMPTY I WAS STILL BREATHING... BUT BREATHING WHAT?"

"THEN I REALIZED IT WAS AIR; YES BREATHING, NORMAL MEREAGE AIR... FOR I WAS WITHIN THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF THE MOON... AND WAS BEING SUCKED DOWN TO THE SURFACE..."

"I SMASHED INTO THE SURFACE...BUT SOMEONE FELT ONLY A LITTLE DOLT...THEN I REALIZED WHAT HAD HAPPENED..."

"I WAS SINKING... SLOWLY--MADLY... INTO SOME UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE THAT ON EARTH MIGHT RIGHTLY BE CALLED... QUICKSAND..."




"I REMEMBER SCREAMING MY LUNGS OUT FOR HELP..."

IN HEAVEN'S NAME...SOMEONE HELP...

PRESSURE... COMING AT ME FROM ALL SIDES... CRUSHING ME. SOMEONE HELP...



"I FELT MYSELF BEING PULLED... FROM BEHIND... BY WHAT ONLY SATAN KNEW... FOR AS I LOOKED AT THEIR FUNNY HANDS I REALIZED THEY WERE NOT OF MY EARTH..."




"BUT WHEN I FINALLY CONFRONTED MY RESCUERS I REALIZED THEY WERE NOT UGLY AT ALL... RATHER... THEY WERE CUDDY LITTLE CREATURES WHOSE APPEARANCE WAS MORE AMUSING THAN ANYTHING..."



"SUDDENLY THEY LOOKED FRIGHTENED..."

WHAT IS IT... WHAT'S SCARING YOU? THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF... I WON'T HARM YOU...



"THEN I TURNED... AND WHAT I SAW CHILLED MY SPINE..."

"THEY CAME CRAWLING OUT OF A CRATER... UNDISSEMBLED BLACK THINGS WITH A SINGLE MONSTROUS HEAD THAT WAS THEIR MIND... THEIR SINGLE BRAIN..."

"8 SPIDER-LIKE MONSTERS WITH A SINGLE HEAD... AS I WATCHED MY FURRY FRIENDS CLUSTERED AROUND ME FOR SUPPORT... SUPPORT GOD KNEW I COULD NOT GIVE THEM..."



"THE THINGS SLITHERED FORWARD... I TRIED TO RUN... BUT COULDN'T MOVE FOR THE LITTLE CREATURES BLOCKED MY PATH AND MADE ME STUMBLE..."



"THEN I SAW THEIR EYES... AND THEIR AWFUL TEETH... AND REALIZED THE AVAL TRUTH... THAT THEY WERE AL LIESON WITH THE FEND THAT ORIGINATED OUT THE CRATER... THEY WERE ITS SETTING MENCHMEN..."

"THANK GOD THE POLICEMEN SHOOK ME JUST THEN..."



"FOR HAD HE WAITED A SECOND LONGER MY MIND WOULD HAVE BEEN LOST TO THE BLACKNESS OF INSANITY FOR NO MORE HUMANITY-DEGRADED DREAMS ANY MORE... OR WOMAN... ON THIS GREEN EARTH EVER EXPERIENCED..."

SO BOO, THE NIGHTMARE WORLD OF TRESSA HAWLIN... THANKFULLY... FOR A SECOND LONGER, AS SHE SAYS, THE WADNESS OF THE MOMENT WOULD HAVE ENGULFED US ALL!

WELL, WHO'S NEXT, YOU REMIND ONLY YOU CAN FURNISH THE GUESTION, DEAR READER... SEND YOUR NIGHTMARE EXPERIENCE TO:

"THE NIGHTMARE WORLD" BY MAIL INCLUDING SUBSCRIPTION IS SENT IN 14 STREET NEW YORK CITY NY 10017

...AND WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE...

POSTERS

...FROM HOLLYWOOD'S DEEPEST, DARKEST VAULTS COME **LUGOSI** AND **KARLOFF** IN THESE ORIGINAL 1930'S MOVIE POSTERS OF THE 2 GREATEST HORROR FILMS EVER IMAGINABLE...
(ONLY \$1.50 EACH PLUS 35¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING)



FRANKENSTEIN—GAZE DEEP INTO THE MONSTER'S BROODING EYES AS THEY HANG HORRIBLY STARING AT YOU FROM YOUR DEN OR BEDROOM WALL...THIS IS THE FILM THAT MADE **BORIS KARLOFF** A HORROR MASTER!



DRACULA—INVITE YOUR GHOUL FIEND UP TO YOUR DEN OR BATHROOM TO SEE THIS ASTONISHING ORIGINAL MOVIE ETCHING OF **BELA LUGOSI** AND SHE'LL CLAMBER INTO YOUR AWAITING COFFIN EARLY! YOU CAN PRY OPEN THE LID!

PHOTOGRAPHS

...COLLECT THESE MANIACAL MEMORY MOMENTS FROM THE LUNATIC PAGES OF **PSYCHO** AND **NIGHTMARE** (...PLUS A NEW LEERING LOOK AT **LON CHANEY'S** INSANE **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** BY SKYNALD'S OWN MADMAN... **PARANOID PABLO MARCOS**...

...THESE ARE GENUINE HIGH-GLOSS, LOW-COST **REAL 8" x 10" PHOTOGRAPHS**, AND OUR SUPPLY IS **LIMITED**... SO GET YOUR ORDER IN NOW... SEND IN \$1.25 FOR EACH PHOTO YOU'D LIKE... AND ADD 35¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING ON YOUR TOTAL ORDER... (ALL ORDERS REQUIRE 3 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING)... A CHEAP PRICE TO PAY FOR SOMETHING AS **WEIRD** AND **MAGNIFICENT** AS THESE **BIZARRE BLOW-UPS**...



#1 THE WEREWOLF WILL RIP INTO YOUR CHOKING THROAT LIKE A FIEND OUT OF HELL!



#2 FROM UNDER THE SANDS OF EGYPT CREEPS AN AWFUL THING OF ULTIMATE DEATH... THE MUMMY!



#3 ONE OF THE GREATEST PORTRAITS EVER CONCOCTED OF A THING OF EVIL... THE GRAVEGHOUL!



#4...PARANOID PABLO MARCOS' CONCEPTION OF THE MOST MACABRE THING EVER TO CRAWL OUT OF THE DEPTHS...

THESE ARE GREAT FOR:

PIN-UPS

WALL FRAMES

GIFTS (WEDDINGS

BAR-MITZVAHS

AND FUNERALS)

WALLS (DUNGEONS

BEDROOMS

AND THEATER

SCREENS WHEN THE

MANAGER ISN'T

LOOKING)

PUBLIC WASHROOMS

RECREATION ROOMS

PARKS

3 RING BINDER COVERS

DESKS, CLOSETS,

REFRIGERATORS...

...CERTAIN KINDS OF...

CHAIRS

UNDERNEATH CARPETS

ON CEREAL BOXES

FOLD THEM UP AND

PUT THEM INTO...

WALLETS

MUTANTS

TREES

SMALL RESTAURANTS

AND MANY OTHER

PLACES WE'D

RATHER NOT

MENTION...

**ABSOLUTELY
GUARANTEED**

AGAINST SHRINKAGE
FOR 3 WEEKS...

**THIS IS THE
ONLY PLACE
YOU CAN GET
THEM.**



#5... CREEPING OUT OF THE SILENT FILM
ERA COMES **ION CHANEY'S** FINEST
FILM MOMENT... **THE PHANTOM OF
THE OPERA** !...



#6... BY BAD BILL EVERETT... THE **WEIRDEST**
HUMAN TRAGEDY EVER TO EVEN
BREATHE... THE USUAL-UNUSUAL
HEAP!...

SKYWALD POSTERS AND PHOTO DEPARTMENT

18 EAST 41st STREET, Rm 1501, NEW YORK CITY N.Y. 10017

...I HAVE DECIDED TO CREEP INTO THE **HORROR-MOOD**
AND, HENCE, ENCLOSE \$_____ IN ARCHAIC CASH FOR:

POSTERS: FRANKENSTEIN ☐ DRACULA ☐

PHOTOS: #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3 ☐ #4 ☐ #5 ☐ #6 ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND STATE _____ ZIP _____

**PARANOID
POSTERS**

AND

**PATHETIC
PHOTOS**

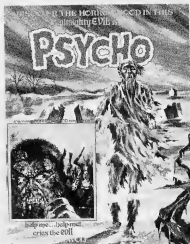
OF THE
**MAD-EMOTIONAL
BRAIN-IMPLOSIVE**

**HORROR-
MOOD**

DESIGNED TO
CRIPPLE
YOUR
PRIMAL-SPINAL
AND SEND IT
CRAWLING
INTO
OTHER-EARTHS

WHERE IT WILL PROBABLY
**SHATTER
INTO
LITTLE**

≡BITS≡



THE LATE MR. KARLOFF'S DIALOG IS BY ARCHAIKAL HEWITSON, AND IS NOT MEANT TO SERVE ANY ACTUAL WORDS OR THOUGHTS OF THIS EXTRA-ORDINARY GENTLEMAN OF THE SCREAM SCREEN...

...I AM **KARLOFF**... I AM **FRANKENSTEIN**...
...I RETURN FROM THE CRYPT TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THE MACABRE **PSYCHO 10** LURKING ON NEXT MONTH'S NEWS-STANDS... THE **ALMIGHTY EVIL ISSUE**... THE ONE COME TO TAUNT YOUR EVERY MAD-EMOTIONAL **HORROR-MOOD**...

...IN THAT LUNATIC ISSUE I COME TO PRESENT A SPECIAL PHOTO-FEATURE OF THE ROLES I PLAYED AS A **MASTER OF HORROR**... AS THE IMMORTAL UNDEAD CREATION: **FRANKENSTEIN**... WITH ACTUAL EXCERPTS FROM THE ORIGINAL MARY SHELLEY NOVEL TO WHET YOUR **HORROR-APPETITE**...

...AND I ACCOMPANY THE USUAL-UNUSUAL **HEAP** WHO CREEPS ABOUT IN THAT ISSUE IN: '**EVEN A HEAP CAN DIE !!**'... AND THE '**SUICIDE WEREWOLF**'... AND OLD LAWRENCE, THE SADDEST CORPSE YOU WILL EVER MEET, IN: '**TIGHTROPE TO NOWHERE!!**'

...IT IS AN ISSUE NOT TO MISS... FOR, THEREIN **PHASE ONE** OF THE **HORROR-MOOD** MOVES TO AN EVENTFUL **CLIMAX** IN A PARANOID PACKAGE DESTINED TO **PLEASE**...

...MISS IT NOT...



SOMEWHERE IN THE REGIONS SOUTH OF
THE MAJESTIC PYRENEES, A MONASTERY
RESTS...UNCHANGED FOR 600 YEARS, A
SANCTUARY FROM THE TEEMING MULTITUDES...
AN ISLAND FOR THOSE WHO DEVOTE THEIR
LIVES TO **ANOTHER'S DREAM!**

ENTOMBED WITHIN THE
SONOROUS STONE WALLS, THE
CROWD PRAYERS RESOUND...

RISE!!!

ASCEND FROM
DEATH AND SERVE
THE MASTER!!!...

...LORD OF THE
NETHER REALMS!!!

...SATAN!!!!

...WHILE WITHIN ONE OF
THE MYRIAD BURIAL
CHAMBERS, UNSEEN BY
EYES CAST TO THE HEAVENS,
ANOTHER RITUAL IS
ENACTED...

LONG HAVE
YOU WAITED TO
SUCKLE THE SWEET
NECTAR OF
REVENGE!! THE
MASTER BIDS YOU
CUT THE VINES
AND DRINK!!!

...RISE!!!

**BLACK
COMMUNION**

1517-1519
CARLOS
CARRERA
1517-1519



**AAAAIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!
SAVE ME !!!
SAVE ME !!!**

REMARKS

BY ALL THE SAINTS
"WHAT HAS
HAPPENED?"

HERMANN
BENEDICT Q. II

I HAVE SEEN HIM!!!
HE LIVES!!!
HE LIVES!!!

STOP HERE

BENEDICT,
THE WINDOW!!
THE WINDOW!!

LATER, AS THE CORPSE ONCE KNOWN AS BROTHER BENEDICT IS LIFTED GENTLY FROM THE GRANTE SWORD...

MADRE
DIOS!!!

**BENEDICT IS DEAD,
AND IN DEATH, HE
LEAVES US WITH A
GREAT NUMBER OF
QUESTIONS!!**

WHAT WAS
BENEDICT
TRYING TO
SAY?

COME,
WE WILL
RE-TRACE
OUR STEPS!

HE WAS MAD
WITH TERROR,
BUT, FROM
WHAT??

SOON, AS THE CRIMSON TRAIL
LEADS TO LEADS FREQUENTED
CHAMBERS IN THE CLOISTER...

BUT, THIS HALL
LEADS ONLY TO THE
CRYPTS?!
WHY SHOULD
BENEDICT HAVE GONE
TO THE BURIAL
CHAMBERS??

IT SEEMS THE MORE
FACTS PRESENTED, THE
STRANGER THE
MYSTERY BECOMES!

I SHOULD
LIKE TO MEET THE
ORIGIN OF THIS
MADNESS!!

PERHAPS
WE ARE DESTINED
TO THAT END.
WE SHALL SEE!

HIS ELDEST
BROTHER WAS A
MEMBER OF OUR
ORDER...

...HE IS
ENTOMBED THERE!

MOTHER
OF GOD!!!

DON
CARLOS!!

AFTER ALL
THESE YEARS
OF DEATH, AGAIN
HE LIVES TO
WALK!!!!

HA HA HA
HAAAAAA!!!

DON CARLOS
LIVES!!!!

THE
INQUISITOR
WALKS!!!!

GO, TELL THEM,
FOOL!! I SHALL AWAIT
THEM AS FATTED PIGS
TO THE SLAUGHTER!!!
HA HA HA HA HA HAAAAA!!!

Kyrie Eleison... Kyrie Eleison Eleison Eleison

THE ORDER REAPS THE HARVEST OF DEAD AMONG THEIR NUMBER, AND PRAY!!! FOR THE FREED SOULS OF THE NEWLY DEPARTED, AND FOR THEMSELVES!!!

THE FIREBRAND OF HATRED
RIPS OUT, AS WINES OF
REVENGE SPILL FROM HUMAN
SPIGOTS!!!

AAAIIEEEEEEE...

MASSIVE OAKEN
DOORS CREAK
IN AN ATTEMPT
TO CONTAIN
MALIGNANT
EVIL... THE
INCARNATE
OF SIN AND
DEPRAVITY!!!...

HURRY,
BROTHERS!!
WE MUST
SEAL HIM
IN!!!

DEATH TO THE
ORDER THAT PLOTTED
MY EXECUTION!!! ALL
SHALL PERISH BENEATH
MY WRATH!!!!

NEVER SHALL
I REST, UNTIL
COMPLETE
REVENGE...

... IS
MINE!!!!

HOW CAN WE STOP THIS
CREATION OF SATAN'S??!

NO!! WE HAVE
DEDICATED OUR LIVES
TO THE DESTRUCTION
OF EVIL ON EARTH!

WHEN OUR TEST
CAME, LET NO MAN SAY
WE SHRANK FROM
OUR DUTY...

IT IS
USELESS!!

LET US
FLEE INTO THE
COUNTRYSIDE!!!

IF WE ARE DESTINED
TO DIE, THEN LET US
DO SO AS MEN OF
GOD, NOT AS THE
PUPPETS OF SOME
SECOND-HAND
GOSPEL!!!



ON A PLAN OF UNDEAD SKIN, THE FORCES
OF GOOD AND EVIL ARE EMBATTLED...

...AND THOUGH
PAWNS ARE
EASILY LOST OR
CAPTURED,
OTHERS WILL
ARISE ANEW
TO CONTINUE
THE STRUGGLE...



....CHECKMATE!!!

...slither into the concocted lunacy of the astonishing Horror-Mood within this noxious Nightmare number 10. . .

... where are we NOW

... it would appear that we are well into PHASE ONE of the NIGHTMARE-MOOD ... a distinctly concocted theme of many macabre men who regrettably call themselves the MOOD TEAM, who seek to clamber into your head every time when they try to pump around a bit, slither around your brain patterns, and attempt to 2 step a ps to the device machine... but surely they come into your mind to ENTERTAIN ...

... we would ask for your HELP ... we're trying to entertain you every way we know how ... now so that we can do our best but we want to know what you think ... what are your favorite tales? ... what would you like to see on the cover? ... what writers and artists do you honestly like ... turn to page 27 of this issue and fill in the questionnaire ... so the first ten letters we receive will send off an advance copy of PSYCHO #10 but off the ground ... how's that? The premise you'll be helping MOST is yourself

... our mail room this month was delayed by a flood of letters concerning PSYCHO #8 ... which is true ... y'know ... but we really don't mind a FEW critical letters every now and then ... thus ONE WAY we'll continue to try to improve ...

... thanks to Ellen Vickers of Berkeley, California for her comments ... this ghost girl wanted to know how to get in touch with man-macabre ... crying Christopher Lee ... well, read addressed to: ALEXANDER FILM PRODUCTIONS LTD, 113 Mander Street, London W1, England; will be given to DRACULA personally ... and incidentally Ellen, check out SCREEN SCREAM's book on HAMMER HORROR in PSYCHO #8 ... which presents a shocking glimpse at Curtis Christopher behind the scenes ...

... and thanks to photo-fan Tapanas Hope of Colorado Springs, Colorado, District Delta Area for Gary Koster of Berkeley, California, Paul Chappelle of Granada's proud appeal ... Thanks, Don Ford of

Dallas, Texas who wants more vampires, werewolves, and more stories featuring sword chopping up people with hatchets and more demons, and a few more retting corpses lying around and more descriptions of really creepy ... something I can really sink my teeth into ... " Johnnie Groth of New Orleans, Louisiana, Hector Samble of New York City, Mike Scott of Corpus Christi, Texas, Roberto Tabares of South San Francisco, California, Michael Givner of Staten Island, N.Y., Paul Jones of York, Lafayette, Ohio, Daniel Christy of Long Beach, New York, and to Don MacPherson Jr. of Pennsylvania ... who has recently become a HORROR MOOD subscriber ... welcome to the mafia Don

... the reaction to the HEAP's representation from PSYCHO #8 was most OVERWHELMING ... which led us to thinking about what a POPULAR creature that creature is ... so we dug into our files about the HEAP and came up with a HEAP of letters ... some of which are reprinted here ...

... the ONE way that he is really different is that he doesn't destroy anything like others of his kind ...

Rock Morgan of Pocktown, North Carolina
... about his KID? How many different kinds of HEAPS are there?

I see you have a new combined feature along with THE HEAP (THE HUMAN GARGOYLES) ... Dale Roney's artwork on the splash page was great ... it must have taken him a long time to draw the cartoon.

Dorell McKenney of Georgetown, Kentucky

THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are now a regular feature in NIGHTMARE, Daniel ... just to the HEAP appears in PSYCHO

... no repairs ... PLEASE ... David Deagan of Uniontown, Pennsylvania

... not by a little long shot ...

I was interested by the HEAP! What happened to the HEAP's color of comic who?

Daniel Taub of Short Hills, New Jersey

... excellent Don ... unfortunately (REALLY unfortunately)

4 MORE LITTLE LORRIES FOR THE NIGHTMARE MOOD AND OF COURSE SOME COLOR

BELOW THE HEAP SLITHERS INTO LORRYMAN'S UNUSUAL IN EVERY ISSUE OF OUR COMPANION FILM PSYCHO BY PHILIPINE BARNES PRINGS





... some of you have been wondering where ARCHANGEL, the editor of this crippled couplet of *terse* lines, got the notion to set before you **ASTORGINING ALLITERATION** in his editorial ramblings... In response to the disempower drive whereby he strings strange words together like: crippled couplet – *terse* words – and so forth... **BELL**, he who also writes *allusions* in the *peripheral* *effluvia* 3rd person singular *reflex* gets confused after awhile, ultimately acknowledges, and gracefully, that the role he assumed from the roof end of **EARL** **REVOLUTION**...

SEASTLY BAL is the wonder of the age: his monastic carmenes and weird carens have appeared for the last 40 odd years (and you OD were OD) in uncountable publications, including LIFE, MAD and even at his own neo-neo-neo comic conventions... one of the most delightful of which was laughingly titled POWERHOUSE PEPPERS... the photograph you see is of some other less-than-the-guy-we're-talking-about himself... and the 300 pictures of pictures of the pictures people were drawn especially for NIGHTMARE FOR YOU by the LUNATIC MAN.

→ I can be as **profoundly proud** to have as an honorary member of the **2000 TEAM**.



... the HEAP itself is one good character ... a big ugly spacey who wants to die ... a whole big world who wants him to die ... but he CAN'T die ... this is certainly a new one on me ...

John M. Hancock

—the WHOLE world doesn't want
him to die... there's one guy we
know in POLAND who is against
death of ANY kind.

and thanks to other HEAP team members: Steven Uffley, Lesley Belmont, William Arnes, Jim Cabeza, Kurt Eames, Bob Frosier, Jonathan Schwartz, Vic Kominakos, and Ray Watson.

something we recommended in our new *Drummed Bones* (Algonquin). **BADTIME STORIES** is a collection of astonishing short stories, many of them previously *Unpublished*. **BADTIME STORIES** is NOT a fanzine, far from it, it is a lavishly produced magazine-book that is well worth the \$5.00 (plus 50% postage and handling) price you'll want to pay to OLYMPIAN MALESTERS PUBLISHERS, Box 326, Great Neck, N.Y. 11022 for *Badtime Stories*. **THE LAST HUNTERS** AUNT SUE OVER THE MOUNTAIN, and *THE REAPER OF LOVE*, and *UNCLE SALLY'S* RABBITLY *Rydzko's* *Born's* *mother's* *Blackwell's* will be *remembered*.

appearing in three MOVIE-FOOD magazines... like his featured back-cover illustration for WYNTMA RE ad... THE THING ON THE ALLEY... and in this issue his FRODO illustration...

... while we're on the matter of other magazines... the editors of *any* periodical are aware of the existence of many amateur-produced "fanzines" that frequently feature some excellent graphic works. We will be happy to give a SMALL reward and plug to any magazine you send us so that we like... if you're not VERY VERY proud of your mag don't even bother... we will share only the BEST features with our readers...
...readers need not apply...

WATCH for a surprise... and a surprise it is... it's CHUCK YOUR MIND... we'll soon be announcing something NEW and SPECIAL from the HORROR MEDD HOUSE OF SKYWARD... is a full-page ad... watch your watch, for when the news comes it'll speedie, creakie, creepie and mail you right into the next world.

... but right now here are some things we CAN tell you about. Bad word welcome to Movable Merry Noland who had just joined the MOOD-TEAM. . his first story for us is **ANNA A'S SPEED**. Movable Merry is gonna be a REGULAR. . . we just KNOW IT.

... **MURDER MILES** Crichton is busy at the moment too as PETER PREPARED A PECK OF PICKLED CORPSES... when he's finished he'll be right back in work on chapter 3 of THE HUMAN CAR GOVIES for the next NIGHTMARE (a11) ONLY THE STRONG SMALL SURVIVE

... our first contribution from the readership ranks will be appearing soon — from Arkwood Augustus Fennell a tortured tale of intermining justice: **MONSTER MONSTER ON THE WALL** ... watch for it soon!

... we're just NOW planning
PSYCHO # 17 ... and inside this
inspired issue you can count on see-
ing Dying Gasp Month's: THE
DEATH OF THE BORN VICTIM...
Emerson/No-disobedience Ed Folsom
with THE CRIME IN SATAN'S
CRYPT ... Drawing Dennis
Furlong teaming up with Archie
AI for THE BIRTH OF THE MU-
TANT-EATERS ... on sale in
2 months... have you? It's it...

... in doing now we want to thank the following readers for their warm comments about our last feature: Alice McLaughlin of Delmar, Wash. 1938; Dave Kala of Clifton, Miss. 1941; Mark Johnson of Apple Creek, Ohio; Saul Diaz of Brooklyn, New York; Hal Old (Favorite) Tarror of San Jose, California; Wayne Foster

**PRODUCER OF
PREPOSTEROUS
PICTURES OF
PECULIAR
PEOPLE
WHO
PROWL
THIS
PERPLEXING
PLANET**

of Cardozo, Georgia; Michael Sorel of East Northport, New York; Michael Dolan of Brown, New York; Grace Fuller of Tempe, Arizona; and to Charles Wincham, of somewhere underlyfwith.



NOTICE: A free one-year subscription to this magazine is the first reader who correctly defines **FORMAL OPWAL**. Instead, if **ANYBODY** can...!

图 1-1-2 示例



IN THE **END** EDWARD AND HINA SARTYROS WORRIED ABOUT TOMORROW...
TOMORROW IS ALREADY **TODAY**, YET, LET US LOOK AT YESTERDAY
TO ESTABLISH OUR **BEARINGS**...

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE
TWO GARGOYLES CEMENTED
A TOP A EUROPEAN
CATHEDRAL...



THEY LEARNED THE LESSONS WELL OF THE
PRIESTS WHO CAME TO CHANT AND CHAT WITH
ONE-ANOTHER ON THE NARROW BENCH
BEHIND THEIR PARAPET. THEY LEARNED OF
SHAKESPEARE... KIPLING... DOSTOYEVSKY.
THE **MASTERS... THE MASTERS OF LIFE...**



THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN THEY WERE FINISHED AS
ORNAMENTS... WHEN LIFE TOOK HOLD OF SHEER
STONE AND TWISTED IT TILL IT BREATHED...



NOW IT IS WEEKS LATER--
A SHATTERING **BATTLE**
IS OVER, AND NOW THERE
IS QUIET IN THE BACK
OF A **BARN**...



...UTTER
QUIET...

MINA...
DEAR MINA...

...EDWARD...

EDWARD!

OH GOD EDWARD...
I CAN FEEL IT...
I... EDWARD...

...A CHILD...

...MY
CHILD...

I AND I EQUALS 3;
IT IS THE ETERNAL
LAW, ONE RARELY
REVOKED, EVEN
FOR BEINGS
ONCE OF STONE...
AND THE LAW
IS THE LAW...
AND SO STARTS
OUR TALE

CHAPTER TWO OF *THE HUMAN GARGOYLES...*

I and I equals 3

LET US RE-CAP AGAIN, JUST BRIEFLY, WHILE EDWARD AND MINA WALK BACK TO THE CIRCUS WITH THEIR NEWBORN. THEY HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO US AT THE MOMENT ANYWAY. THEIR THOUGHTS ARE DEEP INSIDE EACH OTHER.



WEEKS AGO THEY THEMSELVES WERE BORN--BORN ANCIENT, BUT THE WORD 'BORN' IS CORRECT ENOUGH--WHEN THEY STOOD OVER THE SHALLOW EVIL THING EDWARD HAD CONQUERED NEAR FRIEDBURG. THEY THEN SPOKE IN HOLLOW TERMS OF TOMORROW.



WONDERING IF IT WOULD HOLD ANYTHING BETTER THAN THE TORMENT OF UNLIFE THEY HAD KNOWN FOR CENTURIES.



FLYING ABOVE THE GERMAN FARMLANDS THEY STOPPED AT A CIRCUS.



ONE WHICH BOASTED *FREAKS*--
A FAT KID
A GRAFIE LADY
THE PROB-*E* OLD MAN...

AND NOW--THE HUMAN GARGOYLES...
COULD ANY PLACE ON EARTH BE MORE
SUITABLE FOR THESE TWO BAD-BORN
THAN A FREAK TENT?



NOW THEY ARE WARMLY GREETED BY THEIR FELLOW
PERFORMERS--CIRCUS PEOPLE ARE GOOD PEOPLE. MANY OF
THEM **SELECT** THIS ROVING LIFE--MANY OF THEM ARE **FORCED** INTO
IT...BUT WHYEVER THE REASON THEY QUICKLY HOLD INTO A TIGHT-KNIT
SQUAD OF FRIENDS...WHO ASK NO **QUESTIONS**...AND GIVE NO **ANSWERS**

BUT IN EVERY BARREL
OF PEOPLE, THERE IS
SOME-ONE ROTTEN
TO THE **CORE**...



OF COURSE I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE
OF YOUNG ANDREW. YOU HAVE A NICE
REST. SHOP FOR WHATEVER STRIKES
YOUR FANCY. THIS A LARGE CITY--I'M
SURE YOU CAN BUY WHATEVER
CLOTHES AND TOYS YOU WANT FOR
THE BOY. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM.



IT WAS ONLY
DAYS BEFORE
MINA BECAME
PREGNANT...
ONLY WEEKS
TILL THE CHILD
WAS **COMPLETED**
WITHIN HER...

...YEH...I'LL TAKE
CARE OF HIM...



FEAST YOUR EYES LADIES
AN' GENTLEMEN. ON THE
BABY-FREAK!

BORN OF PARENTS
THEMSELVES ATTRACTIONS
IN THIS TRAVELLING SHOW.
THIS IS THE **FIRST**
EXHIBITION OF THEIR
ODD OFF SPRING.

8 DOLLARS--2 DOLLARS
LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN.
2 DOLLARS TO SEE THE
BABY-FREAK... THE
HEMANGARSOYLE CHILD.

STEP RIGHT IN...

KOW
DISGUSTING

THE FILTHY LITTLE THING
SHOULD'VE BEEN FLUSHED DOWN
THE TOILET WHEN IT TOOK ITS
FIRST BREATH OF GOD'S AIR...

ARE YOU
THINKING WHAT
I'M THINKING
WERNER?

...YEH

WITH THIS
CHILD!

...DR. ZAP

IT'S GOTTA BE
THEM. THE CULT
WILL BE PLEASED AT
OUR DISCOVERY.
WE WILL BE REWARDED
I KNOW...

SATAN **HIMSELF** WILL TAKE AN
INTEREST... HE WAS INFIRED AT
THE DEFEAT OF HIS 'I' WEAPON-
BEAST IN FRIEDBURG.
NOW, WITH OUR ASSISTANCE
THE MASTER WILL BE **AVENGED...**

NOW, SOMETIME LATER...
WHEN THE GARGOYLE
COUPLE ARE TOLD OF THE
KIDNAPPING OF THEIR CHILD.

EDWARD, TAKE IT
EASY. LET'S USE
OUR GOD-WROUGHT
MINDS... THAT'S WHY
WE HAVE THEM...

...GOD...
GOD!

I HAVE SPOKEN WITH SATAN AND HIS DIRECTIONS ARE EXPLICIT. HE LEAVES NO ROOM FOR FAILURE... NO QUESTION OF ANOTHER EMBARRASSMENT TO THE CULT TO THE MASTER...

THIS TIME...
THIS TIME WE'LL
CONFRONT THEM
PERSONALLY.

AT 12:30
THAT NIGHT EDWARD
AND MINA SARTYROS
WALK THRU DARK
EVIL COBBLESTONED
ALLEYS THAT WEAVE
AND TWIST AS DOGS
THEIR PALE RAIN
HAD FALLEN SOMEWHERE
EARLIER. MINA HAD
STUMBLED MORE
THAN **ONCE** AND HER
HATE HAD CALLED
HER FALL--GENTLE
FOR A MOMENT
GIVEN TWO WITHIN
HIM. SEETHING
UNBIDDEN **HATRED**
AT THE MACABRE MAN
WHO LEADS HER INTO
AN UNLucky PLACE
IN THIS CITY.

...WHERE AIN'TS THEIR CHILD.

**HOLD! ONE STEP TOWARDS
THIS CHILD ASSURES HIS
IMMEDIATE DEATH.**

YOU. IT WAS YOU
WHO TOOK MY
CHILD FROM ME

THE MASTER IS PRESENT.
HE WILL SUFFER NO
INSOLENCE FROM ONE
SUCH AS YOU...

WHATEVER CHILDISH
CONTRIVANCE YOU CALL
A MASTER IS TRYING MORE
THAN MY PATIENCE... HE
THREATENS MY VERY SANITY.

...SAY OR DO WHAT YOU
WILL NOW, QUICKLY, IN
A MOMENT I'LL LOSE
MY SENSE OF REASON AND
REDUCE THIS DISGUSTING
DEN OF DEPRAVITY TO
LITTER RUBBLE!

NOT QUITE—I MERELY
TOOK WHAT WAS
ALREADY MINE...

HE IS **NOT** YOUR CHILD EDWARD.
THEREIN LIES THE HUMOR OF YOUR
PATHETIC GROVELLING IN THE DUST
THAT DAY OF HIS **BIRTH**... HE IS NOT
YOUR EDWARD. HE IS
MY CHILD!



DAMN YOUR FOUL MOUTH...

WATCH YOUR STEP FREAK... YOU CANNOT STEP WITHIN THE PENTAGRAM...

IF YOU DO THERE WILL BE IMMEDIATE CHAOS...

YOU EXPLAIN YOURSELF THIS.

EXPLAIN!!

YOU DO NOT ANSWER ME YOU DRIVEL RUBBISH TO HEAR THE DEGRAVED SOUND OF YOUR OWN WRETCHED VOICE...



...BUT YOU HAVE NOT EXPLAINED YOURSELF... HOW IS IT I AM NOT THE CHILD'S FATHER...

HOW TOUCHING YOU ARE... HOW RIDICULOUS... TO THINK YOU ARE GRIMED OF SOME ACCIDENT... SOME PATHETIC ACCIDENT OF NATURE.



...OR OF GOD... DO YOU THINK GOD WOULD CREATE SUCH A THING AS YOU

I CREATED YOU SARTYROS. I DID... AND YOUR AND THE CHILD YOU CALL YOURS...

I BREATHED FETID AIR INTO YOUR STONE MIND CENTURIES AGO - I AM THE ONE WHO MADE YOU LIVE THAT NIGHT IN THE GRAVEYARD WEEKS AGO. YOU WERE MADE FOR ONE PURPOSE... TO SERVE ME...

...BUT YOU REJECT THE OVERTURES OF REASON... INSTEAD YOU CLING TO YOUR BRITTLE BRAND OF LUNACY...

INSTEAD YOU BLUNDLY, THOUGHTLESSLY ATTACK MY DEVOTED WORSHIPPERS...



USE WHAT PATHETIC BRAINS YOU HAVE EDWARD SARTYROS NOW IN THE NAME OF SANITY IS IT POSSIBLE? TELL ME... HOW? IDIOT... FREAK... GARGOYLE... THERE IS ONLY ONE ANSWER... ONLY ONE...

DON'T EVEN *BREATHE*
YOUR FILTHY THOUGHTS
SATAN

...I WARN YOU...

YOU WARN ME!

STONE TRASH! YOUR SLEEPING
WOMAN HAD MORE *LEFT* FOR *LIFE*
THAN YOU HAVE NOW *AWAKE*...
WITH THOSE WORDS YOU THREATEN
YOUR *VERY EXISTENCE*...

NOT ME

...SLEEPING HERE--
WHAT DO YOU MEAN

WHAT DO YOU THINK I MEAN
I AM *INCARNATE POWER*...
I DO WHAT I WILL
I VISITED YOUR...

**LUNATIC DEITY...
FILTH
INCARNATE...**

CCCCWWWWWHHHHUUUFFF

AN **EXPLANATION** IS IN ORDER. REMEMBER SATAN IS **MANY** THINGS... A LUNATIC... AN UNBALANCED **FIEND**...



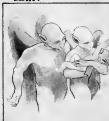
A SEMANTIC DYING MONSTROSITY IN THIS WORLD AND HIS HE HAS **REASON** TO DO AND TO SAY MANY BAD THINGS TO ACHIEVE HIS **DECEITFUL** ENDS.



IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT EDWARD AND MINA SARTYROS CANNOT REALIZE AS WE DO **ONE THING** ABOUT CREEP SATAN. ONE THING THAT **IS**... THE **EXPLANATION**...



THE MULTI-WINGED MONARCH OF RUTH IS FIRST AND **FOREMOST** A **LIAR**!



EDWARD... WHAT ARE WE TO DO? WHAT ARE WE TO THINK **NOW**?



WE MUST **LEAVE HERE**. NOW. BRING ANDREW UP IN **ANOTHER PLACE**. TRY TO FORGET. TRY TO **REASON IT OUT**.



BUT **WHERE** EDWARD?

SOMEPLACE **DISTANT**... PERHAPS AWAY FROM EUROPE. **ALTOGETHER**... PERHAPS IN **AMERICA**... WHERE EVERYONE SPEAKS OF FREEDOMS AND **LIBERTY**... PERHAPS I AM **NAIVE**... TO BELIEVE THERE IS A PLACE WHERE WE CAN LIVE AS DECENT **HUMAN BEINGS**... PERHAPS WE ARE NOTHING MORE THAN THE **JOKES** SATAN INFERNS WE ARE... IF SO **WOMAN-MINA**-- THERE IS NOTHING **LOST**... NOTHING **GAINED**...



IN THIS UTTERLY ENTANGLED, ESTRANGED WEB OF ULTIMATE DECEIT IT IS PERHAPS **BETTER** TO DEAL IN ROMANTIC CLICHES THAT SOMEHOW SEEM TO PROMISE A TOMORROW BETTER THAN TODAY AND THEN AGAIN... WHO'S KIDDING WHO? HUH?

NEXT... IN EVERY BATTLE... ONLY THE STRONGEST SHALL SURVIVE!

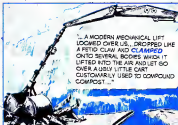
...Slide into the lunatic-emotional
mad-macabre **HORROR MOOD**...

...GET INTO THE **HORROR-MOOD** INSIDE THIS
NOXIOUS NIGHTMARE # 10

IN...

THE FUNERAL BARGE

THE CORPSE-RIDDEN EMOTION-SUCKING
TALE OF ASTONISHING ABOMINATIONS
BY ARCHAIC AL NEWETSON...



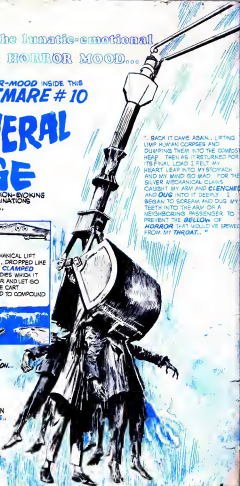
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LOADED OVER US... DROPPED LIKE
A PETIT CLAW AND **CLAMPED**
ONTO SEVERAL BODIES WHICH IT
LIFTED INTO THE AIR AND LET GO
OVER A USUALLY LITTLE CART
CUSTOMARILY USED TO COMPOUND
COMPOST..."

...LURCH INTO LUNACY WITH EMOTIONALLY-
DISTURBED IDYLLERY IN **BLACK COMMUNION**...

...EXCITE YOUR PRIMAL-SPINAL IN
DYING DOUG MOENCH'S
PROVERBIAL KILLER...

...LOOSEN YOUR **BRAN-PEBBLES** WITH
THE **MOOD-TEAM'S** **WILDEST** COLLECTION
YET OF **FEAR FRAUGHT FANTASY FABLES**...
IN THIS BLOATED-RAT-ISSUE FEATURING
CROSS, **THE PRINCESS OF EARTH**,
THEY CRAWLED OUT A CRATER, DEMONIC
POSSESSION, SATAN'S CELLAR, AND
THE HUMAN BARGOYLES IN **ONE**
AND **ONE** EQUALS **THREE**... HEREY
A FEW OF THE MANY-MACABRE
THINGS YOU'LL FIND **INSIDE**...

"...BACK IT CAME AGAIN... LIFTING
LIMP HUMAN CORPSES AND
DUMPING THEM INTO THE COMPOST
HEAP... THEN AS IT RETURNED FOR
ITS FINAL LOAD I FELT MY
HEART LEAP INTO MY STOMACH
AND MY MIND GO MAD... FOR THE
SILVER MECHANICAL CLAWS
CAUGHT MY ARM AND CLENCHED
AND DUG INTO IT DEEPLY... I
BEGAN TO SCREAM AND DUG MY
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PREVENT THE **BELLOW** OF
HORROR THAT WOULD BE SQUEEZED
FROM MY THROAT..."



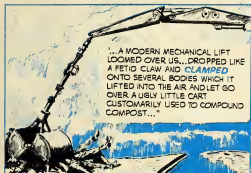
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